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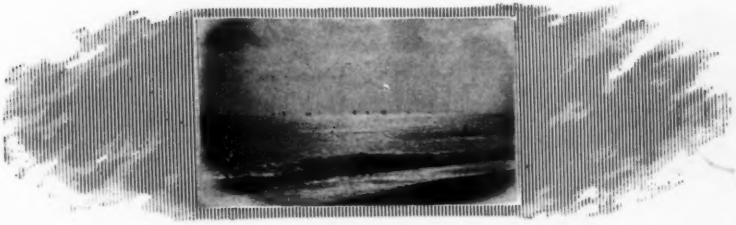


TENNYSON.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

The many pass; a few abide,
  Abide while there is any tone
  By Nature's players harped or blown,
While there is sound upon the summertide.

The Mother loves them; for they hear
  Her little winds, her brooks that wake
  The faintest murmur love may make,
Hear all the sandalled passage of the year.

Yea, Nature holds these to her heart;
  They know her voice, they heed her call.
  Art, also, folds them close; they fall
Low at her feet,—supreme, eternal Art.—

Blest powers, if you do hold these so
  They cannot pass, have we not love
  Your tender loving far above?
And who, so held, shall into shadow go?

So held, so loved and held, is he
  That late soft in the moonlight lay,
  And, weary, thought to sink away;
Death smiled, and said, "Not thou, it cannot be."

ON THE COLUMBIA.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

THE Dalles, that narrow passage in the Cascade mountains, through which the mighty Columbia River forces its way to the sea, is eighty miles up the river from Portland, and can be reached, as the tourist may elect, by rail or steamer.

The country through which rolls the Oregon does not depend for interest entirely upon the beauty of the natural scenery. Within the past two decades, this mighty river, with its yawning chasm, and roaring torrents of foam-flecked water, has heard various sounds besides that of "its own dashing."

The early settlers had many a romantic and tragic encounter with "Lo! the poor Indian," who objected to having his fish caught, his game shot and his land taken away from him. The dangers braved and the privations endured by pioneers in this or any other new country are terrible to hear about, even after the lapse of years. What, then, must they have been to the active participants?

It was in the gray light of early dawn when we found ourselves driving through a pelting rain, disagreeable enough to deter any but the most determined tourists from sight-seeing. We were assured by the weather-wise that, no matter how the rain came down in Portland, it was sure to be fine weather at The Dalles, for the sun is always shining east of the mountains.

Through the fog and mist we could see the outlines of the mountains across the river enveloped in gray, nebulous masses which continually shifted, changing the panorama at every turn. As the train sped on through gorges and around the base of the mountains, it now and then gave us a vast outlook of the river and foothills beyond, then an interior view of wooded hills, bare rocks and castellated heights.

All along the Oregon side of the river are numerous waterfalls that leap from the brow of the high basaltic cliffs which form the Columbia gorge, and dash themselves in showers of spray into rocky pools at the base of the bluffs. There are five of these within a few miles — Multnomah, Bridal Veil, Latourelle, Horsetail and Oneonta. The best known of these is Multnomah; the fall is 800 feet high, and is one of remarkable beauty. It is divided into two sections; the first about 700 feet high, is extremely beautiful. The train slows up as we pass this and Bridal Veil Falls, but we see "as through a glass, darkly," for the sparkle and glint of the sunshine is lacking.

From this point the mountains close in upon the river, and steep, tall forests gather round us. Through the trees as we speed along, we catch glimpses of snowy crests rising heavenward, and again the river stretches out before us, smooth as a sea of glass.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope, and the sun breaks out, gilding the snow-capped hills and dome of Mt. Hood with a refulgent light. A bow of promise "sheds its brilliant coloring across the rushing, roaring waters and far up the mountain height. The river narrows its confines and the scenery grows grander every moment."

As we near the Cascades, Pyramid Mountain comes into view on the north side of the river. The whole

side of a rather sharp peak has fallen away, leaving a perfectly smooth surface, which from a distance looks not unlike one of those great piles built by Pharaoh ; hence the name Pyramid Mountain. How high the abrupt side of the peak is cannot be stated, but it would seem to be not less than 1,000 feet, and may be twice that, since miles must be traveled from shore to shore.

The town of The Dalles is picturesquely situated on a bend of the river above the Upper Cascades. A greater portion of it was burned not long since, so that there was little to be seen from the car window save a blackened picture of desolation.

CATCHING SALMON.

altitudes are dwarfed wonderfully by a little distance. Doubtless the shaving off, or sliding away of the side of this mountain was an accompaniment, or a direct result of the cataclysm that burst the gorge of the Columbia through the Cascade Mountains. This was done, as scientists believe and Indian tradition states, during a sudden outburst of volcanic activity by Mts. Hood and Adams.

Through a narrow gorge measuring but a hundred and fifty feet, rush the mad waters of the Columbia—waters which less than fifty miles away widen into a river measuring two miles and a half across, while at its mouth, five

A few Indians stalked stolidly about while the train waited ; they were sullen looking and dirty; clothed in the ill-made, cheap rags of civilization, and were anything but the typical Indians that we had pictured to ourselves.

At Celilo twelve miles beyond The Dalles, we leave the train and find ourselves among the brown foothills, in full view of one of the finest gorges in the river ; the waters pour in from four directions, to rush madly down a narrow defile to the Cascades below. Here we had a closer view of the huge fish-wheels which are scattered all along the banks, and which are curi-

BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR THE DALLES.

ously constructed of wire; in fact they look like woven-wire mattresses curved and caught to the shaft. They are, moreover, nothing but a series of nets arranged on the periphery of a wheel in such a way that one of the nets is always in the water, and is kept in constant operation by the current. The opening of the net is made of considerable length and as wide as possible, while the bottoms are inclined inward in such a way that when the net rises from the water and approaches the top of the wheel, the fish slide from it by gravitation into a trough, and thence into a box on the shore. The wheel is automatic in every particular, and runs day and night.

Varied and peculiar are the methods of fishing employed on the Columbia. Familiar to all is the picture we all knew years ago, in which the noble savage, with spear poised in hand, stands in the water at the base of a cascade, up which scores of salmon are leaping. This scene may yet be witnessed, they tell us, on the Columbia at Kettle Falls and other points, where Indians assemble every summer to catch and dry fish for their winter's food. A picturesque scene, indeed, is this camp of aborigines by day or night. Another primitive method is that of dip-netting, which is carried on by the Indians at the Dalles and Cascades. "Upon a rude scaffolding, built so as to project a short distance over the channel, at a point where there is a runway for the fish, with water of a less velocity than farther out in the stream, stands the Indian fisherman, grasping a long pole, at the end of which is an ordinary dip-net. With a long sweep of his arm he thrusts the net into the water and quickly passes it down stream, the opening ready to enclose any luckless fish it may encounter. If unsuccessful, he immediately makes another dip, keeping it up until he either catches a fish or ceases for a few minutes to rest. In this manner the natives catch fish for their own use, as well as for sale at the canneries. In either case the squaws are used as beasts of burden, and the catch intended for the family larder is taken by those silent workers to a convenient spot, split open, cleaned and then laid out or hung up in the sun to dry, while the cannery fish are put into a large gunny-sack, which is held in place on the squaw's back by a strap around the forehead, and are thus conveyed to the packing-house. A great many dips can be made in an hour, and the quantity caught in this way is surprising. At the Dalles 22,000 pounds, fully 1,000 fish, have been caught by four nets, and that number of nets have taken 800,000 pounds in one season.

"At the mouth of the Columbia, and for more than fifty miles up the stream, the methods just described are not practicable, but nets, seines and traps are used. First in importance is the gill-net, operated from a boat. No less than 1,600 of these

are in use on the river, the majority of them just inside the bar. Two men operate together, one of them being the fisherman and the other his boat puller. A net is usually 1,800 feet long and twenty to thirty feet wide, with wooden floats on the upper edge and metal sinkers on the lower, the meshes being four and one-half inches, large enough to permit the small fish to pass through, while the large ones are caught by the gills. With great care the net is paid out into the water so as not to foul it, and then is permitted to float some distance with the tide or current, when it is again hauled into the boat and the fish removed. It seems almost impossible for fish to run this gauntlet of nets, aggregating 545 miles in length, and costing not less than $300,000 a year, as they have to be renewed each season, yet that they do is proved by the great numbers that finally reach the spawning grounds. Some fishermen own their own boats and nets, worth about $400, and others operate boats belonging to the canneries, the former receiving about $1 each for their fish, and the latter sixty cents. Prices vary in different seasons, but this is the average. Skill and bravery are both required by the bar fishermen, and annually half a hundred of them lose their lives among the breakers. In their rivalry to get the first chance at the fish as they enter the river, they crowd down upon the very verge of the bar, and every few days a boat is swamped in the breakers. Occasionally the luckless men are rescued by the crew of the lifeboat at Cape Hancock, but the majority pay for their temerity with their lives.

"Fish-traps or pound-nets constitute the next most important method of fishing near the mouth of the river, the location of a majority of these being Baker's Bay, lying north of the channel and bar. A trap is constructed by driving a row of piles from the shore or shoals toward the deep water where the fish are running, at the outer end the piles forming a rectangular enclosure or pound. On the piles is laid a netting of wire or twine, with a two-inch mesh, in such a manner as to prevent the passage of the fish and lead them into the pound, from which they cannot escape and can be easily removed. Between

CAMP OF UMATILLA INDIANS.

the owners of the pound-nets and the gill-net fishermen there is constant friction, the latter deeming the 'pounds' an infringement upon their rights to catch fish."

Another method of fishing is shown, and consists of operating the old-fashioned seine from the shore, or sand bars. A seine is about 800 or 900 feet in length, with two and one-half and three-inch meshes, and is used near the head of the estuary, above the fishing-grounds of the gill-nets and traps. Seine fishing presents a peculiar aspect to one passing by in a steamer. Men, horses and boats are seen moving about in the shallow water, either placing the seine in position or dragging it in with its load of struggling fish.

Salmon has ever formed the staple food of all the native tribes dwelling within the reach of any of the streams flowing into the Pacific Ocean from the Sacramento to the Yukon. Even such tribes as the Shoshones, living as far in the interior as Eastern Idaho, depended largely upon the annual run of salmon in the Snake River, as did tribes living toward the head-waters of other tributaries of the Columbia and Fraser rivers. Salmon was also an article of barter between the river tribes and those not so favorably located, who sold ponies and the skins of wild animals to the fishermen in exchange for the rank-smelling, sun-dried royal chinooks. Each tribe had its favorite fishing places, generally near some rapids or obstruction in the stream, where they encamped for weeks at a time during the summer season, laying in a supply of fish for the winter. The methods of fishing were various, and were adapted to local peculiarities. Traps, spears, arrows, dip-nets and other means of capturing or killing the fish were used, and in the shallow waters near the source of the streams, "driving" was often resorted to. By this is meant that the Indians formed a line and waded out into the water, gradually closing in toward the shore in the form of an arc and driving the fish in a confused heap into a small space, where they were caught in the hands and thrown upon the bank.

Their universal method of preserving salmon is to dry it in the sun. This work is always done by the squaws, the noble Siwash deeming it beneath his dignity. In order to protect the winter's store from the sharp teeth of the skulking coyote, whose sensitive nostrils would easily detect the whereabouts of an object much less redolent than this desiccated salmon, the fish is either buried in the ground, stored in some safe enclosure, or placed amid the spreading boughs of some lofty fir, to be drawn upon as need requires.

The little settlement of Celilo is situated on a broad mesa or table-land, surrounded by foothills; there are but few buildings here, a cannery, three or four dwelling-houses and quarters for the Chinamen who are employed in the cannery. The Indian village consists of a dozen or more "wickiups," inhabited by probably twice that number of families, for they herd together like cattle.

There is no hotel here, and the wandering pilgrim has no choice but to seek shelter at the house of the "village Hampden." His wife is an original character, and adds zest to the hours of waiting for the train by her stories of early days and her experience with the Indians. We prowl about among the tepees in search of baskets, arrowheads and other curios, but alas and alas! too many have been before us; there is nothing left.

We were very fortunate, though, in having arrived in time to witness the funeral services held over the body of a two-months-old Indian baby. These services were protracted for two or three days; we came in on the home-stretch and saw the little one placed in its grave. As these Indians are renegades from many tribes—those who refuse to live on the reservations—it was impossible to learn to which tribe these ceremonies belonged.

THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA.

How it swirls, how it twirls, how it eddies and boils;
How it races and chases, how it leaps, how it toils;
How in one place it seethes, in another is still,
And as smooth as the flume of some sleepy old mill.

They had been dancing, at intervals, for thirty-six hours. It was a queer sort of a step, a teetering up and down, by which the head Indian and foot squaw slowly advanced to meet each other, then crossed over, something after the fashion of money-musk. This they kept up until they nearly fell from exhaustion ; after resting a short time they were up and at it again.

When the dancing was finished they ranged themselves in two lines inside the tepee along the edges of a mat, men on one side and women on the other. An old Indian who declared he was 8,000 years old held the baby, which was wrapped up in a white fur rug.

"ABOUT SEVENTY POUNDS EACH."

Another Indian, a tall, fine looking fellow, stood at the head of the line and held a drum and bell. Each person went up and shook hands with the baby, whereupon the Indian at the head, beat the drum and rang the bell. If the corpse had been that of a grown person the bell would have been fastened to his wrist, so that the hand-shaking would have tingled it without the aid of the head Indian.

This ceremony concluded, they all sat down, and an old Tyee Chief passed along the line, tying an eagle's feather into the scalp-lock of each one. Then they rolled the baby up in another white rug and carried it over the hills to the burying-ground. The assembled Indians then enveloped themselves in their blankets and rode away on their ponies, singing a funeral dirge in most monotonous and discordant voices.

When a buck dies, the ceremonies are prolonged far beyond those accorded to the child ; then the corpse is strapped to a plank, which is tied to his horse, and the two head the procession to the grave. He is buried in a sitting posture, with blankets and other valuables beside him. His poor horse, after having been without food from the time his master died, is scrubbed for hours with brush and water, then strangled and left on the grave.

A few years ago it was their custom to have a salmon-dance each year during the salmon season. At this time they dressed in their best and danced continuously for a whole week. So many died after this week of violent exercise that at last Chief Schemire forbade them to have any more.

The steamer leaves The Dalles at an early hour in the morning, giving the tourist an opportunity of seeing the glorious rising of the sun as it comes up over the mountain top. The river is studded with islands which at times seemed

"MEMALOOSE ALAHEE"—BURIAL GROUND OF THE KLIKITATS.

likely to impede the progress of the steamer, for they apparently stood right across our pathway, but in the twinkling of an eye, the tinkling of the pilot's bell, we had encircled them by gliding through a narrow, half hidden channel, and lo! they were far behind us.

At the Upper Cascades we leave the steamer and make a portage of six miles to the first navigable point below the Lower Cascades, where we take another steamer. The water is very low, and we can easily see the stepping-stones from which this point takes the name of the Dalles.

Between the two cascades we get a view of the block-house, said to have been built and occupied by General Sheridan when he was out here fighting the Indians. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, with low overhanging eaves: it is half sunken away, and is fast falling to pieces.

Thirteen miles below The Dalles we passed a small rocky island set directly in the center of the river, to the right of the steamer channel. This was known to the aborigines from time immemorial as "Memaloose alahee," land of the dead. This land has for centuries been used as a cemetery by the Klikitat tribe. Great numbers of skulls and bones are to be seen here after high water, floating about among the drift-wood and making a gruesome sight.

Special interest attaches to this island on account of its being the resting-place of one of Oregon's pioneers. "Vic" Trevett was a firm friend of the red men, and often expressed a wish to be buried among them. Trevett died in San Francisco in January, 1883; in deference to his wish his body was brought in March of the same year and placed in a dead house above ground on the "Isle of the

THE PILLARS.

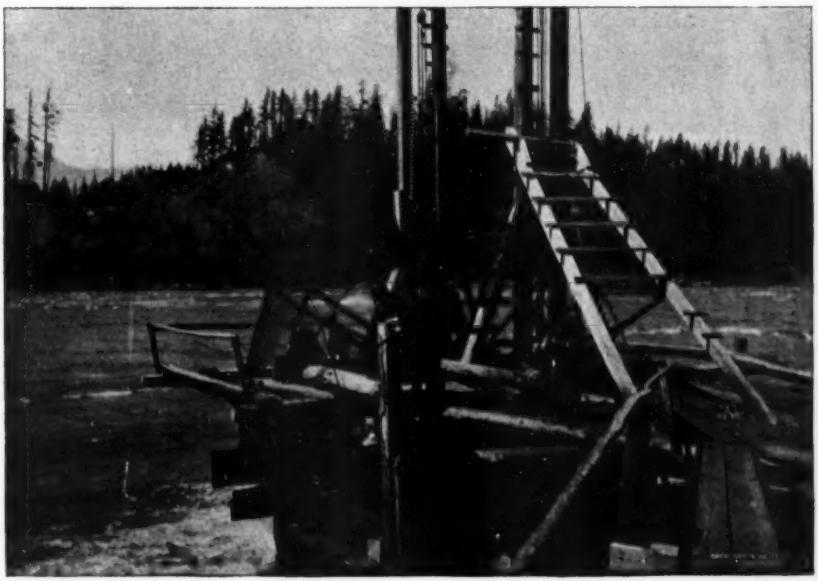
Dead." The handsome shaft of light gray granite, thirteen feet in height, surmounting a base of masonry and measuring eight feet, is constructed of the local basalt rock. A marble tablet inserted in the base bears the simple inscription, "Vic Trevett."

Castle Rock, bristling with turrets and towers; Indian Head, with the scalp-lock plainly visible; the Pillars, with their cone-shaped peaks, from the center of one of which grows a single Douglas fir, and Cape Horn, we pass in quick succession in the evening twilight, for the night comes on apace in this latitude at this season of the year. The view of each was all too short and tantalizing, and we heartily anathematized the circumstances that brought us here during the rainy season instead of during the summer months when the climate and sunshine are incomparable. However the view in bad weather is better than none at all.

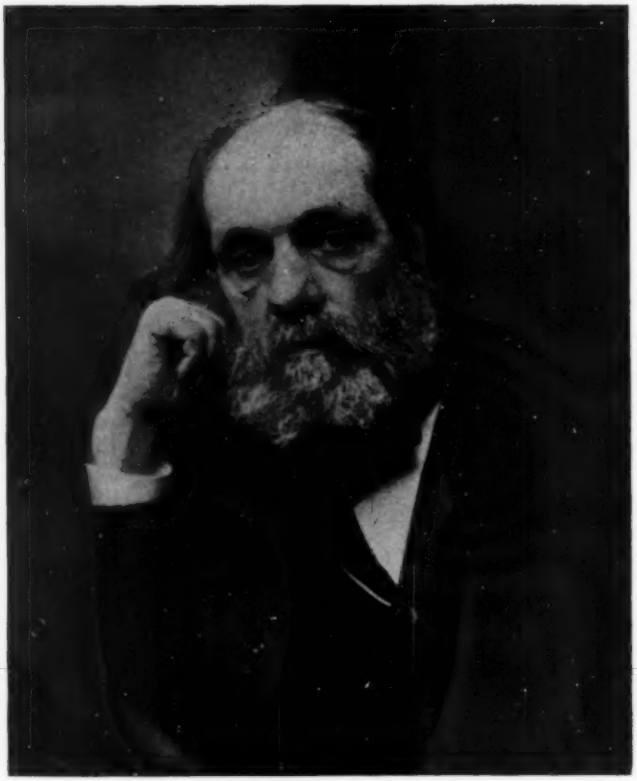
At the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette rivers we could, if the day were fine, see the snow-capped mountains of Hood, Adams, Rainier, St. Helens and Jefferson. As it is, we catch a glimpse of their gigantic peaks towering heavenward above the clouds. The gray cloud and fog effects upon mountain, sky and river were beautiful, and would have delighted the eye of an artist. In spite of the rain, the fog and the sullen skies, we were enchanted with the scenery; it is beautiful, diversified and grand beyond the power of pen or brush to paint. The Rhine, celebrated in song and story from time immemorial, and the Hudson, so dear to the heart of every loyal New Yorker, are "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Both in its historical and commercial aspects the entrance to the Columbia River deserves attention. The Columbia is an important stream in the commerce of the Pacific Coast —more important than all others combined. This fact has been recognized by the Government, which has expended large sums to render the entrance passable for the deepest draught vessels, and to remove the obstructions farther up the stream that prevent its continuous navigation from the great producing interior to the ocean. The river enters a broad bay, or inward curve of the ocean, and is at its mouth an estuary ten miles wide, so that it has no appearance of being the mouth of a river, when viewed from the deck of a vessel approaching it from the open ocean. On the north is Cape Hancock, a bold headland called by the English navigators "Cape Disappointment," and by the Spaniards

"Cabo de San Roc." A low point, terminating in a sand spit, encloses it at the south, called "Point Adams," though named "Cabo de Frondoso" by the Spaniards. Although for years before the Columbia was discovered it was believed that a mighty river flowed from the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific in that latitude, the bay-like appearance of its mouth prevented its discovery by even such a famous and energetic explorer as Captain Vancouver, who visited it in 1792 for the special purpose of ascertaining whether a river really did exist there, and went away firmly convinced that such was not the case. Heceta, a Spanish explorer, passed it by in 1775 and named it "Encenada de Asuncion" (Assumption Inlet.) Although he made no attempt to enter it, he gave it as his opinion that a river existed there, and Spanish maps thereafter marked the mouth of a river there, and called it "Encenada de Heceta" and "Rio de San Roc." A few days after Vancouver turned away in disappointment, Captain Robert Gray, in the American ship *Columbia*, on the eleventh day of May, 1792, crossed the bar and safely anchored in the broad estuary ten miles above. He remained in the river nine days, ascending it twenty-five miles, bestowed upon it the name of his vessel, gave the two capes the names they bear, and then sailed north on a fur-trading voyage. Thus to an American belongs the honor of the actual discovery.



FISH-WHEEL.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

MEN OF LETTERS.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

YEARS ago he was a shorthand writer taking down the speeches of Daniel Webster. Since then he has made more and better speeches (using the adjective in its best sense) than Daniel Webster ever dreamed of. Some who are amazed at the versatility of this man, at the number of irons that he has in his intellectual forge, and at the readiness with which from the summit of seventy years he stoops down to take on a new burden, have ventured the opinion that Edward Everett Hale would have mounted the ladder of fame still higher if he had confined his genius in one channel and not spread it out over so wide an area, intimating thereby that it spreads thin in some places. Yet it seems to me from a careful study, that this view, which would be true of most men attempting many things at once, is a mistaken one in this case.

Some wit sneered at him by nicknaming him Edward Everything Hale; but as a rule the more he has to do, the better seems to be the quality of his doing. One task refreshes him for the next. What then are his

tasks? He supervises — superedits, perhaps, were the better word—the Boston Commonwealth, a weekly newspaper of which he is part owner; edits Lend a Hand, an ethical magazine of which, also, he owns a part; writes a monthly department for the Cosmopolitan; contributes, whenever requested, or whenever irresistibly impelled by the fact of having something to say, to half a dozen other magazines; he writes one or two books every year for his own satisfaction; is President of several organized charities; preaches nearly every Sunday; presides at, or addresses, numberless gatherings on week days, and finds time to pay kindly calls and be a man among men.

To touch first on his literary side, I asked him one day what he regarded as his first literary success, and he replied: "I myself think very highly of my 'Story of a Salamander,' which was printed in the Boston Miscellany in '40, but my first book of any *usefulness*," (here, unconsciously, Mr. Hale indicated the key-note of his life) "was a collection of letters on 'Irish Emigration,' published in '48. A copy of this was sent by me to every member of the Massachusetts legislature. I was told, and I believe, that on the suggestions offered in this book was based the change in the policy of the State, which was soon effected. It was a change entirely in the interest of the emigrant, made in the determination that he should be treated as well in the case of poverty or sickness as if he were born in Massachusetts. In '50 I received the first prize from the National Sunday-school Society for an essay I wrote on criminals. I think my first story which attracted general attention was 'The Children of the Public,' a prize story published by Frank Leslie in '62. 'The Man Without a Country' was printed in '63, and has circulated more widely than any of my books; in authorized and also pirated editions more than a million copies having been sold. After this my story of widest circulation has been the one entitled, 'In His Name.'"

Hale, as we see from this, has been for fifty years a man of letters, and literature with him has not been a pastime, a medium for self-gratification, or a money machine. It has been a potent engine for the dissemination of truth and the reaping of a harvest of the highest spiritual happiness. He has been emphatically a priest of humanity, and the only thing some of his warmest admirers might possibly have wished is that he had that title alone, and that he was not allied with any form, or name, or creed, or religion; not that they are opposed to religion, but because they feel that, great as his work has been, it might have been still more wide-reaching if he had been a layman. Yet, in spite of the immense amount of work which Hale turns out, he says that the rule of his life has been not to do any work after three o'clock in the afternoon; that is, any work that requires application, such as study or writing. Lecturing, speaking, or preaching after that hour he regards as relaxation.

"Another rule of mine," he playfully said to me, "is never to do anything I can find another to do for me, and besides this it has been the motto of my life for many years not to care who gets the credit so long as a thing is done as it ought to be."

Personally, Dr. Hale is a very striking figure, tall, slender and alert in movement, nearly always walking instead of riding or driving about Boston, and generally carrying a little leathern bag and an umbrella. His soft, dark face, framed in luxuriant hair, reminds one a little of Webster, save that the deep-set eyes are not so solemn, but have a twinkle of kindliness or fun about them. It is not a handsome face, but it is fascinating, for it is original. Considering the slight Indian cast, a certain wit was perhaps justified in correcting this statement by saying, "Original—aboriginal, don't you mean?" I have

heard it intimated that far back in his family there was an Indian marriage, and certainly there is little of the Yankee as we know him generally in either the look or conduct of Hale. The only main chance he has ever had his eye on is the chance to lend a hand to other people. Yet, most of us feel of Hale, I think, as Croker said of Dean Swift, that "his gown has impeded his course and entangled his efforts."

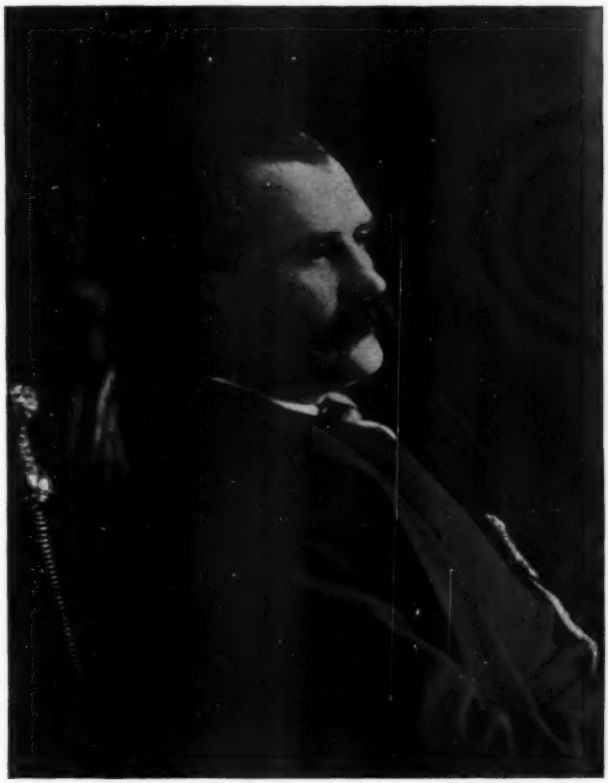
It was just in this point that a man who lacked many of Hale's gifts, the variety of erudition and of rhetorical readiness, and lacked, too, at the start the social prestige which Hale possessed, was able by the fact of his being a layman to get closer to the people, to nestle deeper into the great heart of the world. Needless to say that I mean one of the greatest living forces in American literature; for, though John Boyle O'Reilly was mysteriously called away two summers ago from the shining sphere of his intense activities, the breeze of his passing seems to be still upon us, and I must speak of him as a living force in the thought and thought-producing center of Boston.

It has never seemed to me that there was any truth in the lament that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony, where he says: "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred in their bones." Does not rather the evil of a man's life pass with him, or often before, and is not the good immortal as a force in the lives of others? If it is not so, we would be fighting the battle of civilization against unconquerable odds; there would be little use in trying to make our lives better and thereby make the world better for our having lived in it. And there seem to be some lives to which the word evil does not apply. I have yet to learn that Boyle O'Reilly did anything but good. It is easy enough for a man to be generous to his friends; it is not so easy to be just to one's foes, and to be magnanimous to the enemies of one's religion and one's country is a twentieth century virtue. John Boyle O'Reilly was a man for the twentieth century. He was one of those men whose lives make it possible for us who toil and are at times sickened well-nigh to death by the sordidness, avarice, cruelty and hypocrisy of these last days of the nineteenth century to believe, nevertheless, that the people shall be redeemed from their present captivity, that the reign of legalized robbery shall be ended, and that a new civilization shall be founded before the year 2,000, in which *charity* shall cease, for *justice* shall be the corner-stone.

O'Reilly began as a soldier of the pen and hand for Ireland. He adopted America, and became an American patriot as full of devotion to republican ideas as any descendant of the man who drew up that famous document in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. And then, as he gained his intellectual stature, his heart widened in proportion, and a vision of real freedom rose to him. He saw through the present system, saw that we were becoming a plutocracy, and that humanity was in danger of a greater, a baser servitude than it had ever yet suffered; and out on the night and up to the light he flung his voice. He entered the list against the oppressors with a charging cheer, and he never stopped charging. Conducting a Catholic newspaper, tied by early associations to what might be called conservatism, certainly in action if not in thought, he startled Boston—nay, electrified it, by the splendid and audacious radicalness of his utterances. He was a Wendell Phillips set to music and winged with rhyme; and the joyous personality, the buoyant, brilliant, infectious gaiety of his disposition beguiled many to accept of his doctrines who would have been repelled by the sublime isolation of Phillips, or partitioned off from Hale by his ministerial robe. The fervor of O'Reilly's nature was richly illustrated in the now famous exclamation to which he

once, half-laughingly, half-seriously gave vent in an argument at the Papyrus Club: "It's better to be Irish than be right!"

This fervor had an extraordinary effect on many occasions. At one time during his Australian convict life, when he was out with a surveying party, the line of road laid down by the Government engineers, as O'Reilly went forward to mark it, struck right through the heart of a magnificent tree whose trunk was many feet in diameter. O'Reilly felt that this monarch of the forest ought to be saved from the ax of civilization. He waited until the rest of the party came up, and then, by his eloquence, persuaded the officials to turn the road round the tree and leave this heir of mysterious and recordless ages untouched in its massive majesty. Thus, once in his life certainly, he deflected the British Government from its regular path of spoliation.



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

But from hating the British Government and England as a nation, as an historical entity, not as a people, O'Reilly grew to see that it was the commercial system of England which in the last 150 years has precipitated so many trade wars, and made commerce and wholesale butchery convertible terms; so, from hating the

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

governmental despotism, O'Reilly widened to a hating of the system, whether displayed in England or in America. His paper, The Pilot, though a Catholic organ and partly owned by Archbishop Williams, became, under his management, as fiercely denunciatory of monopolies, of great corporations and of the present wasteful and cruel business methods of so-called civilized nations as any socialistic organ of the time of LaSalle or Karl Marx.

During the last two years of O'Reilly's editorship hardly a fortnight passed without some paragraph appearing, ponderous with the thunders of his righteous indignation and scintillant with the lightnings of his wit or his sarcasm, against some of the great monopolies now engaged in ruining this republic, or against the Pinkerton thugs in their employ. Hushed is that eloquent voice, silent that tuneful tongue, but there is no fear that the editorial successor of O'Reilly, himself a poet of power and a brilliant and versatile writer, James Jeffrey Roche, will lower the humanitarian standard set by O'Reilly. The Pilot, under his guidance, will continue to be a great voice in the newspaper wilderness of Boston, crying: "Prepare ye the way of the people!"

Another man, who has been a tower of strength in many a great cause, is Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The leader of a black regiment during the war, preacher, soldier, poet, essayist, orator, he has filled many functions and filled them all with honor. Colonel Higginson is a very tall man, lean and lank, with a cast of countenance that belongs rather to the

last century, or perhaps to the century before that; the type of man who followed Cromwell, the long-armed men who wielded pikes and routed Rupert in spite of his repeated charging. Colonel Higginson fulfills this comparison spiritually as well as physically. He is emphatically the patient fighter.

He told me once that he had grown conservative, and when I replied, that had I heard that statement from another's lips, I would have called it a gross political libel, the Colonel answered, with a somewhat tired smile: "Perhaps it is because I am growing old, but I am not carried away by ideas as I used to be, and even when I recognize the essential rightness of a doctrine, I recognize also that we must not expect that doctrine, simply because it is right, to take root and flourish and bear fruit in our lifetime."

Personally, Colonel Higginson is not quite so suave as most of the men of letters in Boston. He has been known on various occasions, as in the case of Fred. Douglass, to say things that have caused his most judicious friends to grieve deeply. I heard, the other day, a rather good anecdote, however, where a younger worker in the literary craft made the retort courteous to the Colonel, and he took it with better grace than might have been expected. The young man was calling on him, and in the course of conversation, the Colonel's poetry having been under discussion, the novice said with simplicity: "I also have dabbled in poetry, Colonel, and if you have never seen any of my verses I would take great pleasure in sending you some."

"Ah," said the Colonel, "have they been published?"

"Not in book form, but in various periodicals and magazines; some of them in the Century," replied the beginner—with perhaps a touch of pardonable pride in his closing tone.

"The Century," said the Colonel with oracular emphasis, "does not publish very good poetry."

This was not especially encouraging to the young poet, and he changed the conservation, but on rising to go, he happened to remember that his last poem in the Century had enjoyed rather distinguished companionship, so he turned at the door and said: "Colonel, I have no doubt that the Century publishes some pretty bad verse—at least I am willing to take your opinion—but I have a two-page poem in the October number that I would like you to read, because I think it is an exception. You can remember the number it is in, because you have a sonnet in the same one."

"A hit, a palpable hit!" said the Colonel laughingly, as the young man smiled and bowed himself out. Colonel Higginson writes a regular department in Harper's Bazaar, and contributes frequently to the Independent, the Forum, and one or two other magazines, and he has lately been appointed military historian of Massachusetts.

So much has been written about William Dean Howells that I almost doubt whether I have anything fresh to add that will be of interest to the public, and, indeed, I sometimes fancy that the fickle public may have grown a little weary of having his merits explained to them, like the Athenian who had tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, and on that ground voted to ostracize him. But, though there is a strong opposition which does not believe in Mr. Howells and his school, Bostonians, as a rule, consider him a literary star of the first magnitude, and one of the fixed stars of Boston, notwithstanding the fact that he twinkles half the year in New York.

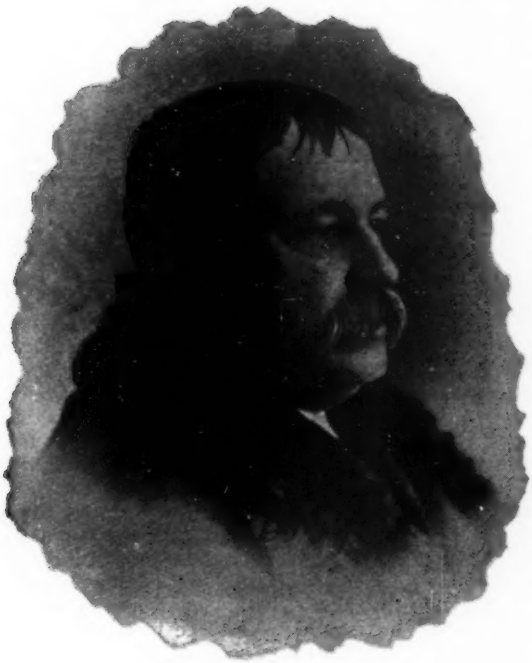
To apply the neat phrase of the poet, Prior, who excused himself to his best girl for lavishing some of his opulent attentions on other maidens with the plea that they were his "visits," while she was his "home," Boston perhaps can rightly claim that

Howells belongs to her literary galaxy, since it was as editor of the Atlantic Monthly that he began to make his best impressions on the body of Boston thought, and possibly in this work to gain full command of his own capacities. And though for several years he has had no business ties with literary Boston, but has disported in a free and easy fashion between the sedate covers of Harpers' over the surface of things literary and things social, he has been all these years by no means an unfamiliar figure on the streets of Boston. He can often be seen poking over the current literature at the Old Corner Bookstore, or occasionally may be caught in an Italian restaurant, such as Scaroni's at the North End, eating spaghetti with a relish that smacks of his "Venetian Days," and sipping a so-called Sicilian wine with a quizzical look that seems to imply a calm conviction that, in spite of the Italy which is redolent of the spaghetti, the Sicily of the wine is located in mine host's deep and sly American cellar. Mr. Howells, personally, is a small, fat man with a large head. Somebody once remarked to me that he looked like one's ideal of a detective, a fancy which perhaps originated from the vigilant expression of the small gray eyes, that are in sharp contrast with the Oriental gravity of the rest of his face. He is not an impulsive, ebullient man, brimming over with bright sallies, but is always ready to communicate his latest thoughts or his feelings, in choice and rather scholarly, but far from pedantic language. Indeed, it seems to me that he speaks better American than he writes, or than he has been writing of late, for in most of his magazine essays his expression has seemed to be a little studied. This remark does not apply to his later novels which, perhaps, because more informed with high moral purpose and written more for the people at large than for literary circles, have gained on the whole in directness of style, without losing in delicacy.

I have spoken of there being a strong opposition to his school. I think this has arisen mainly from the apparently colossal conceit that seems to be the motive spring of his critical vagaries which for years have accumulated in number and intensity. Not satisfied with trying to persuade the public that Henry James (and so, therefore, as the opposition say, Howells himself by implication), is far superior as a novelist to Dickens, or Thackeray, Howells has rather gone out of his way to throw stones at the Immortals and preach to us the strange and, surely, rather narrow doctrine that there is only one God in literature, that his name is Realism, and that Howells is his prophet. But while, as a critic of other novelists and of the great literary artists of the past Howells may be rather narrow, no narrowness vitiates his views of modern popular questions; nor is he, like many men, wrapped up in the conceit that his special calling is the finest business in the world, for, with lengthening years, he has learned the great truth that literature is only a branch of life.

He has also learned—or honestly believes he has—that our political method is a farce, and our industrial method a monopolistic monstrosity, and he now habitually seeks the society of men with "isms"—men with remedies for all sorts of political and moral diseases; and he seeks this motley company not with the animus of a satirist who would catch surface peculiarities with which to trick out his page, but rather with the sympathetic curiosity of a scientist aiming to penetrate through the words and actions of the individual, so often apparently contradictory, to an absolute knowledge of the spirit or motive force behind.

Thus William Dean Howells occupies, literally, a curiously duplex position. He is a link with the past literary Boston, and, projecting this spirit of sociologic study into literature, he is a link, through the newest



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

of the new generation, with the literary Boston of the future. Mr. Howell's habits of composition are very simple. After a moderate breakfast, he gives two hours to literary work and turns out a fairly regular amount of copy. The rest of the day is given to books, letters, friends, and solitary rambles. He is fond of meeting the younger men of his craft, and listens with unfailing patience and politeness even to their vaguest inanities. I have seen a young cub of twenty-one, who was doing some rather bright writing on a newspaper, monopolize the conversation with Mr. Howells at a dinner, and the great novelist listened to the raw recruit without any shadow of a look of *ennui* creeping over his face except when the friendly veil of a cigarette cloud gave him, for a moment, a chance to be honest with himself. Mr. Howells talks about his books and work with the ease of a tradesman. There is no uneasy vanity of authorship about him in conversation.

The socialistic tendency of Howells in late years, some persons fancy to have been derived from his saturating his mind with Russian literature of the Tolstoi and Tchernuichevski variety, but this is a mistake. "I first had my attention called to socialism as an active force in modern life," he said to me one day, "by President Hayes, who referred to our national postoffice as an example of practical socialism, adopted into the old Jeffersonian system of government; and then I began studying its outcroppings here and elsewhere. The more I have studied it the more I am convinced of the inherent soundness of its doctrines; and the more I study our people as a whole, I am satisfied that it is the political necessity of the near future."

Another time he said to me laughingly: "Whenever I meet a man who is worth more than $100,000, or say $200,000 (to allow him a good margin for possible innocence) I cannot help an uneasy suspicion as to how his surplus was acquired." I was rather amused, shortly after this, on meeting a New York millionaire, with whom Mr. Howells is now on very familiar terms, to hear him launch out into an eager explanation as to how he happened to acquire his fortune, and when I laughingly told him of Howell's remark, he frankly admitted that he had offered his explanation fearing that I might think his acquisitions the result of personal dishonesty, instead of one of the accidents of our haphazard industrial system.

Another remark Mr. Howells once made to me impressed me as being an historic truth that sadly repeats itself. "The man who really blocks the way of progress," said he, "seems to me, after all, to be the fellow who owns a $5,000 house and does a twenty or thirty, or fifty thousand dollar business rather than the very rich man. The small capitalist, as a rule, feels very disproportionately the amount of his stake in the commercial gamble, and the ambition for more wealth possesses him through and through."

I replied to this that in the collisions between capital and labor in the past, it was always the *bourgeois* class who got the worst of it, and being between the upper and nether millstone were sure to be ground very fine and small by the pitiless mills of the gods.

"Yes," he said, nodding gently, "and it is very strange they do not see this and have not learned this lesson from history, especially in a land like ours where education reigns, though I sometimes suspect that education with us is a very thin varnish, and through the gilded crust of our Christianity and civilization I see the old barbarism often looking out with a hundred small mocking eyes which, unlike those of Argus under the wand of Hermes, do not sink one by one to everlasting rest."

Some may say that it is easy for any man who has, like Howells, a measure of good fortune, to be optimistic, and of course it is far easier than for those whose comforts came too late, or whose successes ripen after they are gone. Yet, on the other hand, even if one is personally fortunate, it is not always easy where one's knowledge of human life is so profound as that of Howells, to keep the American banner of optimism always streaming from the outer walls.

For this man, it seems to me, knows life far more widely than he shows it in his works. I do not claim that he understands it as profoundly as Balzac did, or that he has the genius of the Frenchman, but I cannot resist the ripening conviction that, if Howells only dared a little more—which he may do before his day wanes—he might give us some real realistic literature with the same unmistakable impress of immortality upon it that shines on nearly every page of many of Balzac's novels.

In minute touches of photographic realism, I consider Howells Balzac's equal, and I am sometimes tempted to say superior. While "César Birotteau" is a more powerful book than "Silas Lapham," which it appears to have suggested, there is an exquisite lightness of touch in the latter which the former lacks; and this same quality of feminine fineness distinguishes "The Minister's Charge." The possession of feminine fineness very often exposes a man of letters to the charge of non-virility, and Howells being sensitive on this point, feels rather strongly the chains of his environment as an artist and would like to break them. "Ah, if we could only write with perfect frankness," he has said to me, "as some of those Europeans do; but we have been coddled and English-noveled so long that we are half afraid not only to be real in our own lives, but, if we are artists, to depict life as we see it. I preach Realism, but I catch myself sinning constantly."

What is to be Howells' place in American literature? Always, I believe, that of a literary artist in the front ranks; but that he will ever be popular in the way or with the power for good that Balzac and Hugo and Dickens have been and are, seems to me doubtful, unless he applies his doctrine of Realism much deeper and defies his environment. To do this, does he not need just a little touch of that ideal quality which carries with it a belief in the heroic and sublime as individualities among us, clad in flesh and blood—that very idealism which Balzac had in proportion, but with which Hugo and Dickens were perhaps at times overbalanced?

AN APRICOT ORCHARD IN JANUARY.

BY ESTELLE THOMPSON.

DOWN from my window I look, and behold it—
Orchardland, leafless, with pink blossoms sown,
Sibilant soft are the winds that enfold it,
Warm in the sun ; and a murmuring drone
All the long day, as of soft secrets told it,
Comes through the stars of its fair fringes blown.

Wondrous it seems, while somewhere are falling
Snowflakes and Winter effulgent lies,
To list that croon of a tune enthralling,
Sweet to the ear as bloom to the eyes ;
That faint, far sound, like a pipe-note calling,
Out where the flushed branches fall and rise.

Gay in the branches the wild birds are tilting,
Rollicking, poise, then take swift wing ;
Trilling and carolling, frolicking, tilting,
Gush and gurgle, and wheel and swing ;
Rollicking, tilting and frolicking, tilting,
Gush with gurgle and carol of Spring.

Dearer, each day, as I watch it I love it—
That orchard waved like a censer swung,
Bees and the butterflies skimming above it ;
Winter's wands are for Summer strung,
Bees and butterflies, all things love it—
That leafless orchard with blossoms hung.

FUNERAL MOUNTAINS.

THROUGH DEATH VALLEY.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

FOR many years the famous Death Valley of Western North America has attracted widespread attention. Occasional articles referring to its characteristics have found their way into the various periodicals of the day, gathering force and color as they were reprinted. The story of Death Valley has become a horror, in the full sense of the term.

Some months ago the writer found himself in the vicinity of this great natural wonder, and determined to make the 300 mile trip to it across the Mojave desert.

The town of Daggett, San Bernardino County, was the point of departure, and one bright day in December I started over the desert with two large buckboards, two mules and horses, two drivers and a guide—our trains carrying water as well as hay and grain. We made for the ford of the Mojave River, a ford in name only, as the mules and horses raised a cloud of fine sand and dust in the dry bed, yet a gang of workmen were building a substantial bridge—a misnomer to the uninitiated. I remarked that it looked odd to see a bridge being built over a stream of dust. "So it does," replied my guide, "almost as odd as the subterranean irrigation dam they are building four miles up stream." Beyond the dry river lay the Calico Mountains, "a geological bouquet," according to my guide, and an aggregation of great heaps and strata of many colored rocks and clays, in fact. The cars on a little train-road at the left of the trail were hauling hundreds of tons of silver ore every month from the mountains to a mill on the bank of the stream, while in the trail itself we met a train of the largest wagons in the world. People who know that the best railroad freight-cars weigh about 27,000 pounds and carry 50,000 pounds of cargo will agree that these two wagons, which together weighed 17,500, carried 45,000 pounds, and

were towed over "a chain lightning" trail by a twenty-mule team, were worth seeing. They were hauling borate of lime from a deposit in the mountains to the railroad, whence the stuff is sent to San Francisco and turned into borax. Nor could one fail to observe and admire the driver, perched on top of the front wagon, with his hat on a back quarter-section of his head, steering that mule team with a braided cotton rope that was made fast to the jaw of the nigh lead-mule only.

We saw as we drove along that the soil was sand; that only grease-brush and gray sage-brush grew on the plain; that there was neither brook nor any sign of moisture whatever in the mountain cañons through which we passed, but not until we had descended into Paradise Valley beyond did we begin to appreciate that it was really a desert country. Beside the trail there we saw a rude cross made from pieces of a soap-box. It stood at the head of a low mound of sand.

"He was a prospector named O'Brien," explained the guide. "See that hole by the big grease-bush? He dug for water there with his bare hands after he went crazy, and wore the flesh away to the bone. They usually do that when they die of thirst in the desert."

Further along was a salt water spring called Coyote Holes. A little coarse grass grew on one side, and the

CAMP AT ABANDONED BORAX WORKS.

guide pointing to it related a gruesome tale of a highwaymen who "stole $5,000 in coin from the manager of the Calico mine and hid it and himself in the mud under the grass there. Then he died there. They shot him I reckon."

That night I had my first experience in cooking bread by a grease-brush fire. To the reader who is not familiar with grease-brush it is only necessary to say it is about like a New England currant bush in its value as fuel. We used a skillet for an oven, and one man fed the fire while another shook the skillet to keep the bread from burning. It would have been pretty good bread had I not salted it too much. The next evening we drove down into the valley of the Amargosa River, a stream that flowed, when there was any water to flow, into the lake that in those days existed where Death Valley now lies. We could see the mountains about the foot of Death Valley as we drove down the trail. They were covered with snow, but a cold rain was falling in our locality. The desert of Inyo County is hot in summer, but in winter it is at times cold enough for anyone but an Eskimo.

In the Amargosa Valley we made the acquaintance of Mr. Cub Lee, one of a curious class of citizens — the White Arabs of the American deserts. Cub was christened Leander, but he has almost forgotten the fact. He has a squaw wife, as some other white men of the region have, and he makes his living chiefly by doing assessment work on the mining claims that are scattered about the desert, and as a watchman at the old borax works in the Amargosa Valley. He was persuaded to accompany us over to Death Valley as an assistant to the guide.

It is just sixty-one miles from Cub Lee's home in the Amargosa to a little thirty-acre oasis in Death Valley, and the divide is not far from 6,000 feet above the sea. It took us two and a half days to make the drive, because we tarried by the way to look at mineral deposits that are of no great value because there is no fuel worth mentioning in the country, while the distance to the railroad is over one hundred miles. But we did n't mind the length of the journey, for Cub was full of desert tales. He scared us into making our beds in a huddle near the wagons, by saying that the little faces of the region, called swifts, bit off the ears and noses of unwary campers. He told how old Horse Kill-um, a noted Piute, got the name by shooting arrows clear through three horses with a wonderful six-foot bow. In the Furnace Creek Cañon, leading down to Death Valley, he told of a cloudburst that he saw there that sent a wave a hundred feet high thundering down the cañon. He was a tall, thin, gaunt and solemn story-teller, but a twinkle in his gray eyes invariably be-

OLD OX-YOKE.

trayed him when he drew the long bow.

A curious cañon it was—a slash in a mountain range—but one drives along between walls of rounded pebbles, once the shingle that rolled with the waves on an old-time beach. There are mounds of sediment that were once the mud of a marsh; there are short mountain peaks that were once at the bottom of a salt lake; there is one wedge-like peak that is composed of borate of soda, and several that are made up of borate of lime. In a little hollow near by is an admirable wooden house large enough for twenty men. It was built for workmen who were to dig out the borates, but it was never used, for the company "went broke," to adopt Cub Lee's explanation.

Furnace creek is the only sweetwater stream running into the valley. It rises in a number of warm springs, and a stream, sufficient to irrigate 160 acres of land flows down the cañon, which is now burdened by mesquite and willow brush and the Indian-arrow weed, and shadowed by the towering cliffs of the Funeral Mountains. Cub Lee told us of the mountain sheep that sometimes come to the stream to drink; of the jack-rabbits, long-tailed rats and other game to be found at all times in the brush; of Bellerin Teck, who was the first settler to locate in Death Valley, and who took a ditch out of Furnace creek to irrigate the ranch and raise alfalfa and barley. One day a Mormon named Jackson came along, and Bellerin sold him half the ranch for a yoke of oxen and some other things. In less than a week, however, the latter tired of his new neighbor and ran him out of the valley with a shotgun. Then Bellerin himself disappeared from history—even from tradition.

CLOUGH GULCH, FUNERAL MOUNTAINS.

I do not need to tell the reader that

A SAND-STORM IN DEATH VALLEY.

Death Valley is the hottest, most arid spot on earth. It is a matter of record in the California Mining Bureau that men, with plenty of water at their command, have died there of thirst, the arid air sapping the moisture from their bodies faster than they could supply it. Nevertheless, during the winter months it is not the worst place in the world for a home, and there is a verdant little oasis, consisting of a thirty-acre ranch near the middle of the valley, where trees and alfalfa grow with Californian luxuriance.

In 1880 one of the white Arabs down there, Mr. Aaron Winters, with his wife, having heard of the Nevada borax marshes, went from his home in Ash Meadows over into Death Valley, where he found wide borax deposits which were sold to San Francisco capitalists for $20,000. The company then formed to work the deposits decided to imitate Mr. Bellerin Teck, and start a ranch where hay could be raised for the teams that must haul supplies from the railroad—164 miles away—and bring borax back. Thereupon Furnace creek was turned into a stone-lined ditch to keep it from sinking in the sand, and the water was eventually spread over the thirty acres mentioned. The oasis is called Greenland, but if one must go to the Eskimo for a name, Ivigitut would be better, that being the Eskimo term for a green valley. A mile and a half north of the ranch they built an open-air borax refinery with houses for the workmen. A Funeral Mountain spring supplied this camp with water by means of an air-pipe that lay uncovered on the ground. For five years this enterprise was carried on during nine months of the year. Then the company failed and the works were closed. Since that time Death Valley has had but one citizen, Mr. James Dayton. He serves as watchman at the borax works and ranchman at the oasis. The other Arabs call him a sailor because he was once a cook on a Sacramento River steamer. I did not have the pleasure of a talk with Mr. Dayton. He had gone to the town of Daggett—160 odd miles away—to do a little trading. However, I inspected his home and the ranch. He cooks his food in a frame kitchen and sleeps in an adobe bedroom. The walls of the bedroom were plentifully adorned with lithographs of young women, such as the tobacco-makers distribute gratis. Two shotguns and a rifle stood in one corner. A prospector was keeping the house for Dayton during the latter's absence, and every day I was there he killed, with the shotgun, numbers of duck, teal, butter-ball and mallard, which, in their journey from the north, came down to see what kind of feed could be had on the alfalfa meadows, and in an artificial, half-acre fish pond at one corner of the oasis. The rifle is sometimes used on the sheep in the Funeral range to the east, the tallest peak of which is called Nahgi, by the Piutes, meaning sheep mountain. Had we wished, we might have had carp from the pond, which was stocked some years ago, while flocks of quail were seen in the brush about the fields. To the credit of Mr. Bellerin Teck it should be said that he introduced the quail into Death Valley just before he ran the Mormon off his plantation.

When the borax works were running, ducks used to come down to the crystallizing tanks sometimes, and would become so loaded with crystals that they could not fly. Only one other class of sportsmen enjoy the chase as much as the Piutes do when gathering in the crystal-laden ducks, and that is the owners of game preserves, where partridges are raised after the manner of chickens. Death Valley received its name in 1850, when a party of thirty gold-seekers with their wives, children and teams, came into the valley from the East, and, after making a one day camp, were overcome by the heat and aridity so that more than half the number perished. A few escaped over the

Panamints to the west, and the others returned the way they came. It was a pitiful experience. Ten years later a party of prospectors came across the camp with its wagons, chains, yokes, camp equipments and children's toys; even the tracks made in the sand by the little ones could still be traced. Of all the stories of California pioneers there were none so full of human interest as this, and yet it is told only in tradition. Even Bancroft's voluminous history contains only the briefest reference to it, though survivors still remain. And then there was the Gunsight Lead. One of the survivors carried a piece of rock, probably "black metal," from a spring he found in the Panamints to the settlements. A gunsmith when asked to make a gun-sight of it found it to be silver. Why should this story be considered incredible? The lead has been buried by the débris of a cloud burst; it will never be found, but I have no doubt it existed.

Death Valley was, in the main, disappointing, as I think it will be to any tourist. I could not realize that Telescope Peak, the loftiest Panamint, rose about two miles above the lowest part of the valley; nor that this lowest point was 200 feet below sea level; nor (the weather being then comfortable) that in summer the air is kiln-dried until it contains but one per cent. of humidity; nor that the well-shaded thermometer has ranged, according to various authentic observers, all the way from 122 to 135 degrees Fahrenheit. But there were some things I appreciated fully, and one of them was a sand-storm. I saw the air filled with a dusty fog clear to the mountain tops, while the sun grew dark and bright by turns as the fog increased and lessened; I saw plumes of dust waving above the cloud masses as do the feathery plumes of fog above the cyclone, and saw slender, sinuous sand-spouts a mile high, careening down the valley in the arms of the gale. It

BORAX REFINING WORKS.

HALT FOR LUNCH—PANAMINTS IN THE BACKGROUND.

was a marvelous exhibit of the powers of nature. And then there was the bridge of salt, eight miles long; an unvarying stream of salt and alkali water flows into the head of Death Valley from a spring in the Panamints. Perhaps, as some assert, it is the outlet of Owen's Lake. It continues either as a stream or a marsh along the center of the valley for sixty miles to the lowest point near the foot. The marsh for the most part is an impassable area of acrid salt slush, but five or six miles below the artificial oasis a crust of salt and sand has formed over it. Those of my readers who have lived in regions of frost may have observed how wet soil when frozen is thrown up into ragged ridges and knolls. In like form, though many times magnified, is the crust of the Death Valley marsh. The sharpest of cones, pinnacles and crests rise everywhere with the sharpest of crevices and splits between, and the traveler finds no level spot that will hold his foot. The points vary from an inch to a yard or more in height, and are yellowish brown in color. Imagine what that vast upheaval would look like could a drenching rain wash the sand from those ragged pinnacles! When the borax-makers laid out their road from Mojave to the Death Valley works they chose this salt formation for a bridge over the marshy artery of the valley. They made a road over it by beating down the salt excrescences with sledge-hammers, and it is probably the only eight-mile stretch of road in the world that was made in that way. It is a fit companion to the glass road in the Yellowstone Park, that was made with fire and water. Beneath this bridge is an unfathomed abyss of salt slime. I have mentioned some of the graves seen by the wayside en route to the valley. Here in this salt bridge were two more of men who had died of thirst. Further on at the lower end of the valley we passed six skeletons in one day—all

that was left of men who had died on the trail. How many more had become insane before death overtook them, and so wandered away to fall in unvisited parts of the valley no one can tell.

Death Valley is not without its romance; much is found in the story of Isidore Daunet. As a lad of ten he came to California; at thirteen he was a worker in a mining-camp, and at thirty he was one of the handsomest and most powerful prospectors to be found in the howling mining-camp of Panamint Mountains. Next he was the hero of an adventure in Death Valley, where three out of a party of seven perished miserably, and the other four survived because of Daunet's wonderful powers of endurance. Then he found a rich borax deposit in the lowest part of Death Valley, and wealth seemed within his grasp. Shortly afterward he married a French woman in San Francisco, and an attractive and successful career, apparently, lay before him. Everything went well until 1884, when the competition with other borax producers drove him to desperation; the expense of freighting his product across the wide Mojave Desert was more than he could bear. About this time his wife went to San Francisco, whither he soon followed her. But instead of the affectionate greeting it was his right and privilege to expect he was served with the papers of a divorce suit.

A RANCHER'S HOME.

With the papers in his hand he went to a lodging-house, wrote a pathetic letter to the "public," and sitting down before a mirror shot himself to death! The old rock-house in which he lived in Death Valley, with the well and tools for gathering borax, may still be seen much as he left them, but the property belongs to one of his old-time competitors.

To most tourists Death Valley presents a complete picture of desolation. The mountains are rugged and devoid

of verdure; the lowland is a salty waste, where only the mesquite, thorny and gnarled, and the sage-brush of the color of ashes thrive. Even these have a constant struggle for life with the searing sand-storms. As to the fauna of the country, one finds the gauntest of coyotes and the leanest of wild cats; the lizard and the rattlesnake, each with horns; the centipede and the tarantula. In the wailings of its mammals, the terror of its reptiles, and the suffocation and oppression of its atmosphere, Death Valley is in the season a veritable type of the fabled sheol. Its dangers have never been, nor can scarcely be adequately described. And yet because of its magnificent geological pictures of the wonderful powers of nature, because of its resources in salts and minerals, because of the anthropological studies of the region roundabout, and because of the novel experiences which the tourist will surely have, there are few places that will better repay him for his time and trouble.

A PRE-COLUMBIAN GOLDSMITH.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

QUADRUPED IN BASE METAL.

IF the reader will consult his atlas and turn to the map of that long isthmus connecting North and South America, he will observe that the most westerly province of the isthmian region is Chiriqui, which occupies that portion of it where its southern curve begins to take a northerly direction. The Atlantic coast-line of Chiriqui has a northwesterly course along its whole extent, and although the greater portion of its southern shore runs from east to west, the line along the Gulf of Dulce has an irregular northern trend. The boundaries which separate the province from Costa Rica on the west, and from Veragua on the east, run nearly north and south. Through the longitudinal middle of the province extends the corresponding portion of that great mountain chain which stretches uninterruptedly from the extreme north of North America to the most southerly peak of the Chilean Andes. This sectional range forms the watershed of the country, two drainage systems composed of numerous rivers of no great length being formed, the one discharging its waters into the Atlantic and the other into the Pacific Ocean. The seaboard on each side consists of a belt of lowland, that on the south varying from twenty to thirty miles in width and rising gradually to a plateau from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in elevation. This southern belt formed, for migrating peoples, a natural highway between the two grand divisions of the continent. On account of the richness of the soil, the regularity of the seasons, and the facility of subsistence which it affords, this district has, at all periods, possessed attractions most conducive to occupation, and there is abundant evidence of its occupancy by man at a very early date.

On the west bank of one of the streams above mentioned as forming the drainage of the southern slope of the Cordilleras, many hundreds of years ago—how many the archæologist is unable to decide—flourished a native village or rather town, considering its relative dimensions with regard to the clusters of habitations with which the surrounding country was sprinkled. This ancient town extended for some distance along the margin of the river—which now bears the name of Rio Piedras — and stretched westerly into the country a mile or so away from the bank. The houses were for the most part scattering, and were surrounded by plantain and vegetable-garden patches and tropical fruit trees. Only in the central part were the dwellings built in anything like close order, and conspicuous among them was one of large size constructed principally of stone, and noticeable for its sculptured columns. This edifice was devoted to religious purposes, and may be regarded as a temple. All other buildings were composed of perishable material, the sides of the greater portion of them being constructed of long canes procured from the margins of the stream or from canebrakes in the forest, while the roofs were thatched with the durable palm-leaf obtainable in unlimited quantities in the adjacent woods. The more pretentious habitations, which were grouped about the temple and formed the nucleus of the town, were substantially constructed of concavo-convex, longitudinal sections of the tall cabbage-palm, the pith having been removed. Many of them were roofed with the same material by laying from ridgepole to the eaves, sections of the required length over and under-lapping each other so that the convex and concave surfaces alternated, the ridge being covered from end to end with a single piece.

The primitive people who formerly inhabited this portion of the isthmus were a peaceful and agricultural race, and their numerous villages and towns were scattered over the greater part of the Pacific Slope of the Chiriqui region, occupying favorable positions alike in river valleys and on the hills, plateaus and mountains. A considerable area of the country was under cultivation, and on all sides could be

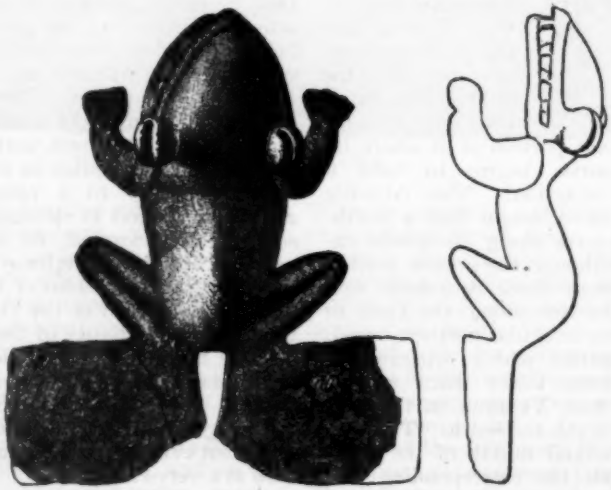


FIG. 1—FROG IN BASE METAL, PLATED WITH GOLD.

FIG. 2—GROTESQUE IN NEARLY PURE COPPER.

seen cornfields, melon, plantain and vegetable patches, and clumps of fruit trees.

In the more populous part of the town above described were situated the various workshops of artisans and mechanics; those of sculptors, goldsmiths, potters, painters and musical-instrument makers; of workers in stone, and manufacturers of celts, arrow-points, polishing stones, and all kinds of implements from a narrow fine-edged chisel to a mealing-stone (metate). From this enumeration of the many occupations of these aboriginal inhabitants the reader will perceive that they were a people of considerable culture, and that to attain the degree of excellence in the fine arts to which they reached they must have been in peaceful occupancy of the land for a long period of time.

In no mechanical art, however, did the ancient Chiriquians attain a higher degree of excellence than in the manufacture of metallic personal ornaments, which constituted the jewelry of that primitive people. With the manipulation of metals they were thoroughly familiar, and gold, silver, copper and tin were skillfully treated by them. Their ornaments consisted in a large proportion of little images of the human figure and all kinds of animals—birds, beasts, fishes and reptiles being represented. Other ornamental trinkets were bells, beads, disks, balls, rings and amulets of various shapes. In the manufacture of many of these articles wire, or what seems to be wire, was used extensively both in embellishment and in the formation of anatomical details; but the process employed in its fabrication and the method of joining it to the main body of the figure is a puzzle and perplexity to archæologists. By

FIG. 3—GROTESQUE IN NEARLY PURE GOLD.

paying a visit to an eminent goldsmith —a native of the town on the Rio Piedras—we shall gain some insight into the secrets of his art.

The building in which his workshop is located is one of the more substantial class. As we approach it we can hear the sound of his stone hammer with which we find, when we enter, he is giving the finishing touches to the broad plates that occupy the place of the hind feet of a metallic frog. These plates have just been flattened out of the malleable metal—nearly pure copper—out of which the figure has been cast. The image is of the plain type and larger than the generality of such ornaments. (See Fig. 1). On being allowed to examine it we find that it is still unpleasantly warm, indicating that it has not been long out of the mold. Both body and limbs are concave, the metal

FIG. 4—PUMA-SHAPED FIGURE IN GOLD.

FIG. 5—PUMA IN BASE METAL.

being about one-sixteenth of an inch thick. The teeth are rudely suggested by means of perforations in the metal which connects the upper and lower jaws, these being represented by ridges extending all round the mouth from beneath the eyes, which are tiny hawk-bells containing pellets of metal—rather a rude specimen of metallurgy, we think, and evidently not intended for an artistocratic member of the community. It is not yet finished, however; for we perceive that the goldsmith is going to plate the image with gold. While he is performing this final work upon it we will go over the establishment and take a mental note of its departments, equipments, of the implements used in the business, and of the particular work performed by the assistants or em-

FIG. 6—HUMAN FIGURE OF COPPER-GOLD ALLOY.

ployees—for our primitive goldsmith had a number of workmen under him, or working on shares with him.

In the workshop which we have just entered, on wooden benches ranged along the sides of the walls, and on wooden brackets in the corners, we notice a variety of tools fashioned out of dark volcanic tufa: hammers, chisels, sharp-pointed implements, smith's tongs cunningly devised, polishing stones, and finishing tools of all kinds. On the ground are two or three stone anvils of hard basaltic rock, their surfaces being highly polished. These primitive anvils are fixed firmly in position on a foundation of rubble and cement, being raised to a convenient height above the level of the floor suitable to the posture of the artisans who sit squatting on the ground when at work at them.

FIG. 7—GROTESQUE IN GOLD.

In the rear of this workshop, seen through a wide opening at the end of the apartment, stands a kind of shed with open sides, under which are a smelting furnace and another for melting metals. Much ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of these furnaces and their arrangements, and at the latter two or three operatives are working a system of bellows which yields a continuous blast strong enough to produce a heat capable of melting any metal. Fragments of old melting pots and broken molds are scattered around, while a heap of fagots of dry wood for fuel lies conveniently at hand. Near these melting works is another open shed, under which the mold-makers are at work. In the center of this department is a quantity of fine fire clay, out of which the molds are made and the crucibles in which the metals are melted. Outside, but hard by, is a fire of embers which is replenished with fuel as occasion requires.

For some little time we stand watching the manipulators of clay at work. On a tray in front of them are a number of little images delicately and skillfully fashioned. They are of a variety of designs, which include the human figure, both naturally and grotesquely represented, the forms of birds, pumas, fishes, alligators, tiny bells and other baubles. With regard

to the material of which these little figures are made we are in some doubt. It appears to us like wax, but it is probably some composite harder than wax, but which, nevertheless, melts readily under the application of heat. Many of the figures are of intricate pattern, but under the careful manipulation of the workmen the moist, fine clay applied in the form of a wash is made to penetrate the finest crevices, and follow the meanderings of the most delicate filigree work; the whole model upon becoming well coated, is heavily encased in clay except where the orifice of the mold appears. The mold, pregnant with the imprisoned model, is then sun-dried, and afterward exposed to heat; the waxen figure within is thoroughly melted out and a perfect impression of it, to its minutest tracery, is left on the mold, which, after being baked in the furnace, is ready for use. The hands occupied at the ember fire are engaged in melting out the models as the molds are successively dried in the sun, the wax or composite substance being carefully poured into a receptacle and saved for further use.

FIG. 8—CRUDE HUMAN FIGURE IN GOLD.

Returning to the principal workshop, we move from operative to operative and leisurely watch the particular work that each is engaged in. Here we observe one engaged in grinding up some substance in a mortar, and on examination find that it is gold. He is reducing it to powder to facilitate its fusion. Both pestle and mortar are of stone, the latter being simply a piece of basaltic rock hollowed out and smoothed on its concave surface, while the former is nothing more than a round river-worn pebble.

Side by side with the wielder of this primitive pestle another workman is occupied in beating out leaf-gold on an anvil. Holding in his hand the straight, haftless hammer of dark tufa he strikes with great rapidity the skin, beneath which lies the beaten gold. We are surprised at the degree of tenuity to which these gold beaters can reduce a nugget with their simple and light implements; but the patience of primitive man is illimitable, and he sets no store on the expenditure of time for the accomplishment of his aim.

Moving away from the gold-leaf maker, we approach the designer's bench. He is modeling trinkets in that plastic substance of which the little figures we saw outside are made, and which, for the sake of convenience, we will call dough. It is astonishing with what dexterity he manipulates it, drawing it out into fine threads, twisting and plaiting the threads together, and forming Lilliputian cables and chains (see Figs. 2 and 3). These, in turn, are utilized in the formation of complicated designs, being convoluted, interwoven and plaited together with extraordinary skill. For such delicate work the dough is very appropriate, for though it is sufficiently plastic and ductile to be easily worked, it is exceedingly consistent and tenacious. Many of the figures are so complicated that the goldsmith finds it necessary to model different parts of an image separately. Such is the case in the modeling of the trinket represented in Fig. 3, and which is thus described by Professor William H. Holmes of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution:

FIG. 9—IMAGE OF A BIRD IN GOLD.

"It is of reddish gold, slightly alloyed, apparently with copper and has in finishing received a very thin wash or plating of yellow gold which is worn off in exposed parts. The central feature of the rather complicated structure is a grotesque human figure. The figure is backed up and strengthened by two curved and flattened bars of gold, one above and the other below. The figure is decked with and almost hidden by a profusion of curious details, executed for the most part in wire and representing serpents and birds. Three vulture-like heads project from the crown and overhang the face. Two serpents, the bodies of which are formed of plaited wire, issue from the mouth of the figure and are held about the neck by the hands. The heads of the serpents are formed of wire folded in triangular form and are supplied with double coils of wire at the sides, as if for ears, and with little balls of gold for eyes. Similar heads project from the sides of the head and from the feet of the image.

"The peculiarities of construction are seen to good advantage in this specimen. The figure is made up of a great number of separate pieces, united apparently by pressure or by hammering, while the material was somewhat plastic. Upward of eighty pieces can be counted. The larger pieces, forming the body and limbs are hollow or concave behind. Nearly all the subordinate parts are constructed of wire." When we examine one of these delicate little images we notice that what seems to be a joining bears the marks of hammering or of strong pressure with an implement, and we are inclined to think that the different parts have been molded separately, and united afterward by some mechanical process or by soldering. As we watch the mode of procedure, however, we notice that though different parts of the model are fashioned separately out of the plastic dough, they are all finally joined together by pressure to form the complete trinket before the mold is taken. Washes of the smooth clay of which the molding mixture is made are then applied, penetrating into the finest crevices and the smallest cavities or perforations. When the model is well protected by successive coatings it is then heavily covered with clay, and the mold is perfect when the dough has been melted out. Nevertheless, the figure that is cast bears slight indications on it of the original joinings of the different parts of the model, and these are removed by hammering or smoothed down by pressure.

FIG. 10—IMAGE OF A BIRD IN GOLD.

FIG. 11—ANIMAL FIGURE IN BASE METAL, GOLD-PLATED.

The interesting images which our supposititious goldsmith and his workmen have been employed in man-

ufacturing are found in the tombs of the ancient Chiriquians, and are believed to have been the personal ornaments of the primitive inhabitants of the isthmian region in which they are found. These old cemeteries are very numerous and the attention of the scientific world was first called to them by Mr. J. King Merritt, through the medium of a paper read before the American Ethnological Society, in 1860, though their existence had been previously known. In 1858, two natives, farmers of the parish of Bugaba, found a golden image that had been exposed by the uprooting of a tree. Thereupon they began secretly to explore the ancient graves, but in the following Spring their operations became known, and within a month after more than a thousand people were at work in these novel gold mines. About one hundred and thirty pounds weight of gold figures, more or less alloyed with copper were collected by the lucky discoverers. It is estimated that from this particular cemetery, which is some twelve acres in area, $50,000 in value were collected.

From what has been said the reader is aware that these trinkets are for the most part manufactured out of a composite metal, intermediately ranging from pure gold to pure copper. Almost all of these ornaments where the body is of base metal or nearly pure copper (Figs. 4 and 5), are plated with pure gold, and in some instances with so thin a sheet of gold that it would not be difficult to fix it on the comparatively smooth surface of the casting by burnishing. The method employed by this primitive people is not known, but there is little reason to doubt that with their rude appliances they were able to beat gold into very thin leaves, and had discovered processes by which these could be applied to the surfaces of metallic objects.

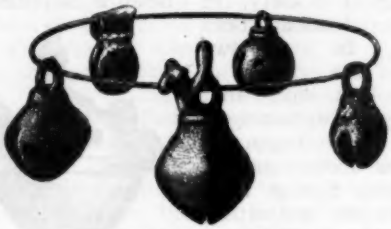
The forms of these curious relics are very varied, as will be seen by the illustrations. Statuettes of men and women and a variety of anthropomorphic figures abound. The images of birds, also, are very numerous (See Figs. 9 and 10),—the owl, eagle and parrot being recognized, though in many cases the forms are rude and obscured by extraneous details. Quadrupeds are well represented, and the fish, as well as the frog, was a favorite subject. Fig. 11 presents an interesting specimen, apparently intended to represent a crayfish. The head is supplied with complicated antenna-like appendages made of wire neatly coiled and welded together. The eyes are globular, and are encircled by the ends of a double loop of wire which extends along the back and incloses a line of minute balls or nodes. The peculiarity of the wings and tail is noticeable. Two rings or loops of doubled wire are attached to the extreme end of the nose, and a heavy ring for suspending is fixed to the underside of the head.

FIG. 12—BRONZE BELL WITH HUMAN FEATURES.

Bells were in general use among the Chiriquians, great numbers of them being found in the graves spoken of. The specimens in the National Museum are in most cases of bronze, and their form is that known as the hawk bell. Most of them bear traces of having been plated with gold; the largest is only one inch and a quarter in height and three quarters of an inch in diameter. The bell represented in Fig. 12 is unique. It presents a human head which takes an inverted position when the bell is suspended. The lower part of the bell forms a conical crown to the head, and the suspending ring is attached to the chin. Double coils of wire take the place of ears, and odd bits of the modeling material are attached to indicate the other features. This specimen belongs to Mr. Stearns. Some of the bells are surmounted by rude figures of animals,

with openings through or beneath the body for the insertion of cords, while others have ordinary loops at the top. An odd specimen was found many years ago near Panama. It consists of three highly ornamented bells, mounted upon a disk of metal to which a short handle is attached. In all probability this object was to be held in the hand and used as a rattle.

Many examples of more intricate and elaborate workmanship, too numerous for mention now, have been discovered, and are to be found among American and European collections.



BRONZE BELLS PLATED WITH GOLD.

IS LABOR IN DANGER?

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

IT could not be otherwise than that the immense fortunes acquired in the last thirty years by a few men in this country, should be the subject of serious reflection as to the future effect upon the mass of the people and upon the character of our institutions. There are those who express alarm at the immense chasm which separates the very opulent from the vast majority of the population, and a fear that as a nation we shall drift into a government, aristocratic in form and which will be controlled by the monetary power. In the old world, both monarchy and aristocracy are based upon wealth. A poor duke, lord or count in Europe may nominally have a social status corresponding to his rank, but among the wealthy the impecunious duke, lord or count is regarded by his class very much as the poor whites of the South were looked upon by the slaves. There can be no doubt that the immense disparity which exists in this country in the possession of wealth is unfavorable to the future welfare and happiness of the mass of the people, and that under favorable conditions there might be danger that popular liberty would be overthrown. The pessimist is liable to take a lugubrious view of the subject, while the optimist discovers only the roseate side of the picture. Neither is likely to take a rational and just view of the situation. It is well to inquire how the disparity in the possession of wealth came about, and whether it is probable that it will continue to the extent that it now exists. It is well to inquire also whether there are not influences at work which will cause a redistribution and produce a more general equality of conditions.

The laws of this country assure the

greatest liberty in the exertion of the powers with which men are endowed by nature to acquire dominion over the things of earth, consistent with the common welfare. The opportunities for acquiring wealth have been without parallel, more especially within the last third of a century. The country possessed vast natural resources, and the freedom and energy of the people contributed to the development of wealth more rapidly than ever before known in the history of mankind. Increase of population naturally appreciates values. Before the passage of the homestead law, the public domain could be acquired at merely nominal cost, and large bodies were purchased by individuals who only had to hold on and wait to become wealthy. Through this method the basis of considerable fortunes was at first laid, the greatest of which were acquired by those who were fortunate enough to locate on what became city and town sites. Railways were invented, and their construction not only was profitable to the builders, but enhanced values immensely, especially at terminal points. The war of the Rebellion ensued, creating high prices for the products of the farm and factory, and the inevitable inflation of the circulating medium engendered the spirit of speculation; and though the war was immensely destructive of men and materials, it stimulated enterprise, and our tremendous development gave impetus to foreign immigration. The mania for railway building after the war became greater than ever before, because not only the needs of the country, but the liberality of the people superinduced it. Large fortunes were made in construction, and the vast quantities of securities of the nation, states, municipalities and corporations, which were on the market, afforded opportunity for the most gigantic speculation. In this speculation large numbers of people participated and lost through the manipulation of inside operators, who amassed immense wealth.

In various ways land monopoly, to an extent, became fastened upon the country. Large bodies were acquired before the homestead law was enacted, and are yet held to a considerable extent. The great plantations in the South have survived slavery. The public lands of Texas were sold off in considerable bodies under the laws of that State, and in the acquisition from Mexico under the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, our Government stipulated to respect the rights of property in the territory acquired as they existed under Mexican law, and hence became bound to recognize the immense grants of land that had been made by the Spanish and Mexican governments. These are the chief ways in which ponderous fortunes have been acquired. Those of lesser magnitude have been achieved in manufacturing and traffic, and to some extent, by the exercise of the stronger powers with which some have been favored by nature, and the greater thrift and prudence with which earnings and acquisitions have been husbanded. The same or similar opportunities can never again present themselves. There are comparatively little new resources to be discovered or new regions to be developed. Railroad building in future will be trifling compared with what has been done in the past. Appreciation of land values will be gradual, and comparatively few more cities and towns are to be founded and built up. We are not likely to have another gigantic war, internecine or foreign, to inflate prices and promote speculation. The course of business in all probability will be natural, and results not excessively profitable.

Capital is comparatively so abundant that if competition is permitted to have sway it will not expect nor seek such inordinate remuneration in the future as it has exacted in the past. It is true that it has adopted the plan of forming trusts and combinations to control production and distribution, but congress and legislatures have taken action in many cases to thwart

such schemes, and the courts in many parts of the country have declared them *contra bonos mores* and unlawful. Popular sentiment is so aroused that capital finds it much more difficult to be exacting and oppressive than it has been. Capital will only disregard popular interests when the people are supine. It seems in the natural course of events that there will not be extraordinary opportunities for the few to amass fortunes in future. The serious question is, will those which now exist be continued or grow larger through mere accretion?

The perpetuation of the great estates in the old world has been through the instrumentality of law—the law of primogeniture. It has not been in force in this country for more than a century, and was superceded by a law governing the descent and distribution of property, which has had the effect to break estates into fragments on the decease of their possessors. When the life of each generation terminates, the property of the country passes into new and more numerous hands. None of the immense concessions made by the kings of England and Holland to the colonists within the limits of what constitute the United States, have been maintained; they have been subdivided into small parcels and are now owned and occupied by large numbers of people. In the same way the existing great landed estates will be subdivided on the decease of the present possessors. Very few of the estates of this country, whether consisting of realty or personalty, have passed unimpaired to the second generation from the acquisitors. More than eighty per cent. of the wealthy men of the nation have acquired what they possess, and only ten per cent. have inherited it. The rule is general that the sons of rich men end life as poor as their fathers began it. Great achievements in science, art, the professions, war, statesmanship and business pursuits have generally been by the sons of men in indifferent or moderate circumstances. Results in this country are not to be judged by those in the old world. There are those who may regard the present situation as gloomy, but when we consider the freedom enjoyed under our institutions, and the causes at work which revolutionize conditions quickly, there is no reason for that forlorn feeling which fills the mind of the pessimist. Those who survive for a quarter of a century will, in all probability see the bulk of the present ponderous estates broken up—especially the landed estates—for time, popular sentiment, and the laws of descent and distribution will inevitably soon destroy land monopoly. Inequality in the possession of movable property, especially of money or securities, is not a serious danger, for they are like the stolen purse mentioned by Iago, as having been mine, yours and the slave of thousands. There is very little permanency in the possession of personalty.

It is argued that as no man has ever been, or ever will be strong enough to earn a million dollars above his living, however prolonged his life, every millionaire and multo-millionaire has taken largely from the earnings of others. To an extent this has been done, sometimes through fortuitous circumstances in which there has been no moral guilt, and sometimes through oppressive practices. It is probably true that labor has not received its proper share of produced wealth. High statistical authorities differ somewhat as to the percentage which labor in this country contributes to wealth production, the lowest estimate being seventy-two per cent. and the highest ninety. Upon either estimate it is certain that labor has not had its fair share. Capital has managed to possess the proportion which nature has created, which is estimated from ten to twenty-eight per cent. Capital is more organizible than labor, and, in fact, may be said to be always organized, and it is more exacting than labor has been. The modern practice being for capital

to organize through corporation, company or association, it seems more formidable than in reality it is, because the fact that stocks and bonds or shares are widely distributed and are held by numerous persons, is not duly considered.

The tendency has been and is strongly to combination in many branches of business. This is true in transportation, manufacturing, banking and in all lines of production and distribution of commodities. It is a recognized fact that competition has been very largely displaced by combination. Comprehending this and seeing that there is a vast disparity in the possession of wealth, the working people of the country have adopted the plan of meeting combination with combination, or in other words by forming labor organizations. As transportation by rail and manufacturing as now carried on, require the services of large numbers of men, organization is practicable. The same is true, only to a less extent, in the building and some other trades. The object of these organizations is to compel capital to concede to labor what it deserves. Such an object is proper and praiseworthy if the measures resorted to are defensible. To arouse labor so that it will assert its rights, demagogues and mountebanks are in the habit of so assailing capital as to create a feeling of intense hostility. Labor and capital are natural antagonisms because their interests collide. The relations of the employer and employe are like those of the seller and the buyer. Low wages are best for one and high wages are best for the other. To produce successfully requires both labor and capital, and each should be fairly rewarded. If capital is exacting and oppressive labor organizations some times make mistakes, some of which are of the most grievous character.

One of them is in supposing public sympathy is not strongly on the side of wage workers. Many ameliorations have been voluntarily granted. Not very far in the past men were imprisoned for debt. That barbarous law has been displaced by one that exempts the homestead, certain household goods, and implements necessary to the earning of a livelihood from seizure and sale to satisfy a private debt. Schools are established supported by a public tax at which all children are educated free of charge. Infirmaries and hospitals are provided for the poor and the sick. A sentiment is growing which favors the exemption of homesteads of limited value, and some other property from taxation, and in favor of graduated income and inheritance taxes, which will lighten the burdens of those who live by toil, and impose them in accordance with ability to bear them.

Another and most grievous mistake has been made in the matter of strikes. They have often been attended with mob violence and incendiarism. Destruction of property and interruption of business do no one any good, and result in calamity to the public. Strikes are defensible only to the extent of a cessation of work when terms are unsatisfactory; but to interfere with others, who wish to work on the terms offered, by violence or intimidation is a crime, for there is no difference in principle in destroying a man's property than in preventing him from earning property. To ignore contracts as to term or other condition of service is both unlawful and dishonorable whether by employer or employe. Still another error is in making an unchangeable scale of wages, one that is non-reducible. Conditions are not always the same. This year the volume and character of the traffic or the prices of products may be such that the railroad or the manufacturer is able to make a fair profit, but next year conditions may be reversed, and at the same scale of wages there will be no profit, or perhaps a loss. Labor organizations should have men whose business is to gain a knowledge of all the facts and

circumstances as they arise, that wages may be so regulated that labor and capital will each receive its fair share of the results of the business. One fact especially, is not always duly considered, and this is that capital under the laws as they now are, takes all the hazards of loss, and the laborer takes none. The law gives him a first lien on the property of his employer.

It is unfortunate that in many enterprises classification of labor is a necessity, growing out of the employment of large numbers who have classified services to perform. Men are unequally endowed by nature, and it is presumable that it is the intention of the Creator that each should receive the full benefit of his legitimate efforts. The time was when the working man had a status, and received wages according to his merits. As it now is, in many kinds of work where classification is necessary the weakling, the dull and the shirk receive as much as the strong, bright and faithful. The employer is bound to take the lot at the same wages, which takes from the deserving for the benefit of the undeserving. Probably for this there is no remedy. It is one of the evils that result from associated labor. It would be well if there could be competition in labor and in everything else. To assure to all the full benefits of their efforts is a tremendous stimulant to exertion.

There should be no animosity between capital and labor, and there need be none if their relations and interests are intelligently and justly considered on both sides. Capital should not be exorbitant, and labor should exact only what is its due. The principle must be recognized that all are free to join labor organizations or not, as they choose. There should be no compulsion. The mass of the American people are in sympathy with the wage workers. Their sympathies have sometimes been estranged by the excesses which have attended strikes, and the destructive teachings and conduct of some of the labor leaders. There is no country in the world where economic policies have been based so completely upon the idea of promoting the welfare of the laboring classes as in the United States, for the last thirty years, and no laboring population in the world receives wages so compensatory or are possessed of such advantages and comfortable surroundings.

This is a republic in which all men are free and protected in their rights, and are rewarded as their efforts deserve. The principles under which this country has existed for more than a century have secured the general prosperity and happiness of the people. It is but necessary to look at conditions as they have been and are, to see that no one is forlorn and desperate except through fault of his own. This free country promises commensurate rewards to natural endowments when properly exercised and when results are providently husbanded. It is a prevalent principle that merit is justly recognized, and through a republic, the people are not ungrateful except in the opinion of the demagogue and worthless. Organizations and associations are useful when they operate upon just and common-sense principles. It behooves the wage workers to take care not to establish an absolution over themselves, for "it may become a contagion and end in founding a despotic government." Free institutions can only be maintained by preserving individual independence. It must not be forgotten that the first and highest duty of government is to preserve the public peace and protect life and property. And because this is done it should not be assumed that government is inimical to the working people.

TWO VALENTINES

BY NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER

"THERE is a golden thread of romance running through the web of every life, however coarse the warp through which it is twined," read Julie Neal, as she sat in the bay-window of a sunny parlor in a California home.

It was the eve of St. Valentine's Day, which, perhaps accounted for the fact that she re-read the simple sentence as if determined to catch its meaning by concentrating her thoughts.

"True of some lives, doubtless," she mused, "but that word *every* takes in so many plain people who never have had an idea beyond the severely practical and commonplace, that I do not believe it. Aunt Phœbe, for instance," and as her eyes glanced toward the healthy, substantial, matter-of-fact-looking woman, who sat at the other end of the room knitting and rocking in the most stereotyped fashion of middle-age comfort, no wonder that Julie's denial of the assertion was so emphatic.

Everybody in San Jose knew Miss Phœbe Hunter, as an energetic, shrewd, business woman, with a genius for speculating in real estate, with the "courage of her convictions" when her rentals were to be collected, or it was necessary to "speak her mind," and as kind-hearted an old maid as there was in the world; but to accredit her with emotions softer or more poetical than were excited by the financial column and produce list of an advertising sheet, was beyond the limit of the most vivid girl imagination.

"I wonder what takes the place of hearts when people get to be fifty or sixty years old," continued Julie, still looking at the well-preserved figure and placid face of her aunt, with whom she had been visiting a year. "I guess fatty degeneration ensues, and memories, if there have been any, all turn to muscle. I believe I'd rather die young."

"Miss Phœbe," as every one called her, quietly knit and rocked, and Julie read on for ten minutes longer, when the postman's well-known ring caused the younger lady to spring from her seat and rush to the door before the echo of the bell had ceased.

How pretty she looked as she stood, a minute later, with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes toying with the precious missive just handed to her!

"I'm in luck, Aunt Phœbe, it's a valentine, and unexpected, too." That was a fib—but—let it pass.

"How beautifully it is addressed!" she continued, gazing long upon the stiff envelope. "If it is true that a man's character is indicated by his handwriting it must be some splendid fellow who sent this. I do wonder what's inside?"

"I think I should have known long ago," said Miss Phœbe, with a curt little laugh. "You would make a good speculator, Julie, you take so

many things for granted. Well, have you really opened it? Then sit here and let me, too, have a sight of the sweet epistle."

"Dear Aunt, don't be vinegarish, please. Oh, isn't it a beauty! And it cost five dollars if it cost a nickel. I'm so glad that he can afford to be generous. A poor beau is so miserably inconvenient."

"But where is the writing part?" said Miss Phœbe, when, upon re-adjusting her glasses, she took the dainty thing in her hand and gave it a minute examination. "Here is crepe, satin, a grasshopper's feathers, a wreath of artificials and a foolish-looking dude tied up in a fish net, while a little fat boy with wings is holding the strings. But there are no verses, nor is there any writing."

"Pshaw! Aunt—you do not understand," said Julie pettishly. ("Nor how should she," she added, *sotto voce*.) "That is Cupid," she continued aloud, "about whom you know nothing, and means that the young man is caught in the meshes of love. This is an allegory—all of it—like the Pilgrims' Progress or Æsop's Fables. At the top of the page, you will see, is a half-opened golden book, which I shall remove and wear as a charm. In it is engraved,

'Thee and only Thee,'

and in the heart of that rosebud is a silver dove holding in its beak the words, 'Love's Offering.' I think the design is exquisite, but I can't guess who sent it."

"And so the youngster is a Quaker, talking 'thee' and 'thou', and can't give any better love token than this flimsy lace paper which has been patched up by some man milliner. No wonder he is ashamed to put his name to it," continued the matter-of-fact lady. "Now, what good will ever come of it, child, seeing you don't even know who sent it?"

"Why you precious Auntie," replied Julie, while flashes of roguish merriment passed over her face, "the first week I shall have glorious fun showing it to the girls and comparing notes; then some day, maybe, I'll find out the giver, and it will be so touching to know that perhaps he has been loving me long and hopelessly."

"Hopeless fiddlesticks, Julie! I have no patience with such nonsense. If a young man loves a girl let him tell her so in a plain, honest way and be done with it; or if he wants to give her a valentine, let it be something from his heart which will send a thrill through hers whenever she looks at it, and which, if she ever loved him, she'll think sacred and keep as such as long as the paper holds together."

The speaker's tones certainly trembled, and a knitting-needle slipped from the grasp of her firm fingers; but clearing her voice with a shrill "ahem!" and looking steadily into the astonished eyes of the girl whom she was learning to love as a daughter, she asked:

"Would you like to see *my* valentine?"

Julie started. "Aunt, you're joking. Who on earth would send you a valentine?"

"No one, now, dear," and the tone was unmistakably sad; "I never in all my life of fifty-six years got but one, and if you will bring me a little mahogany box from my clothes' closet I'll show it to you, being it's the day it is."

Julie obeyed. Miss Phœbe, diving into her deep pocket, produced a tiny key, then the lid flew back and the treasures, or life-links with bygones, were revealed.

With delicate touch, as though handling priceless jewels, she put aside the rings of grey hair tied with black ribbon, part of an elaborately carved tortoise-shell comb, a set of brown side-puffs of hair which told of a fashion of half a century ago, a bunch of flowers painted upon white velvet and a small bead reticule. At the bottom of all lay the cherished treasure.

"Here," said Miss Phœbe, reverently unfolding a circular piece of coarse writing paper, which was yellow with age and neatly scalloped around the edges, "Here is what I call a valentine."

In each segment a pair of nondescript birds cut out with a pen-knife were represented as billing, while a circle in the center, dyed with red ink, enclosed two clasped hands and a heart pierced by an arrow. Above these was written in a bold, schoolboy hand:

"The rose is red, the violet 's blue,
Sugar 's sweet and so are you."

Beneath:

"As the grass grows 'round the stump
I swear you are my sugar lump."

On the right, the pathetic couplet:

"My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
But love for you shall never fail."

And on the left:

"Sure as a ring 's without an end
You are my dearest, best beloved friend."

The name of William B. Churchill, to which was appended "Yours till death," and the date, nearly forty years previous, ended the page.

As Julie scanned this quaint specimen of old-time love-making, she was about to give full vent to the mirth which her keen sense of the ridiculous had excited, but a sly glance at Miss Phœbe's face restrained her, and with illy-repressed curiosity she awaited further disclosures.

"Julie, something seems to me to be in the air besides measles and influenza. I don't know why, but all day I 've been thinking how times and things do change, and wondering if there 's anything but true love that is steady on this earth," said Miss Phœbe, as slowly refolding the paper in its native creases, she caressingly passed her plump, soft hand over its surface. "You do not guess it, child, but this valentine is the only link between me and the time when I was a young, merry girl, as you are now. People in those days did n't make such a fuss about loving, and writing poetry, and sending bouquets and such things, but when they said they loved they generally meant it. Somehow, I 'm in the humor to tell you the story of this valentine. It is short, and you 'll then know why I prize it.

"I lived in the same town back East in which you were born. Old Mr. Churchill—William's father—lived just across the street from us. He was a tanner and rich. My father was well off, too, so our families were upon quite intimate terms. I was the youngest child; so was William, and every day we two went to school together in the old white house on the green, just as naturally as a brother and sister. William was always at the head in the classes, and, somehow, though I was not one-half so bright as he, and could not bear to study, he contrived to keep me 'second to head.' He was seventeen and I just one year younger. He was n't one of your niminy priminy kind of boys that look as though they lived in a band-box and were fed upon pap; but he was bold, straight, tall, and as rough as a piece of oak bark—that is, he was just right out with anything he had to say or do, and was as fearless as an eagle.

"We were not a bit alike, then; I was a timid little thing, afraid of my shadow, but I used to think the lightning could n't strike me during a thunder-storm if only I held his hand. He was one of the kind to look up to in trouble and seemed born to be a living comfort. To be sure, he had n't much learning, then—neither did the teacher himself, as times are now—but William beat all the boys at ciphering (which I hated, strange as you may think it of me, now,) and many is the time he has filled my slate with sums, for which I got all the credit. Well! I gave him all the thanks. Just across from my bench in the school sat John Thomas. We called him 'fire-brand,' because his hair was so

red, and he was so spiteful in the bargain that nobody could bear him. Many 's the fight he and William had, in which William always whipped. He was kind to me, however, in his own fashion, always bringing me a pocketful of apples and nuts, and often, when I was near enough to hear, he would whisper to some of the pupils, 'Phœbe's the prettiest and smartest girl in our town.' I never believed him, but went on liking William all the more, because he only looked his thoughts.

"One night, it was about the first of this month, forty years ago, but it does n't begin to seem that long, William ran into our house, and pulling me into a corner near the big fireplace, said:

"'Phœbe, what do you think? Father is going away up north to the backwoods in the Spring.'

"'What! to live?' I exclaimed, a feeling of horror creeping over me just as if a ghost or something was in the room.

"'Yes, to live,' said William; 'and who 'll be your brother then, Phœbe?'

"I looked into his eyes and then right down again, for there was an expression in them I had never seen there before.

"'Phœbe,' he went on, putting his hand under my chin—it was as hot as though he had a fever,—'look up and say you 'll never forget me. Say it just as solemn, Phœbe, as when you say your prayers.'

"His voice always so full and strong, was now as pitiful as a sick child's. I tried to obey him, but my eyes were so full of tears that I could n't see. He pressed one long kiss upon my forehead, for the first time; another upon my lips—I can feel it yet—and ran out of the house without speaking.

"The next day he came for me to go to school, as usual, but neither of us said a word about the previous evening. I, somehow, did n't feel as free with him as before, and he, for the first time in his life, was shy. He seemed, suddenly, to be years older than I. For several days after, he was working at something which he kept hidden in his atlas. Once I asked him what he was doing.

MISS PHŒBE.

"He just blushed and said: 'You'll know some day.'

"At length, on Valentine's Day morning, I found this inside my arithmetic, folded just as it is now, and then I knew that his love for me was different from that of a brother. He did n't say much after that. He was not one of the fussy kind, but eyes can talk, Julie, and his said sweeter things than words, whenever I looked into them. The first of April following they all moved away—not out of the State, you know, but away to the northern boundary, and we were in the capital. The last words he said to me were:

"'Phœbe, I'll come back again, be sure of that. You are the girl of my heart—be true to me.'

"On his promise and the dear valentine my hopes lived for years. No letters ever came to cheer me, but mails were scarce and uncertain in those days, and I learned not to expect them. I had some good offers,

John Thomas among them, but my heart was filled with William and no one could displace him. Father and mother died and left me the old homestead. My sister, your Aunt Jane, married and moved to California; the old landmarks of my girlhood's joys were buried beneath new improvements; and, gradually, I learned that there is nothing earthly but what changes.

"It was just fifteen years and seven months from the time William left, when I read in a daily paper that William B. Churchill of Crawford County, would doubtless be the speaker of the new assembly about convening. The paper spoke of his comparative youth for such a position—he was thirty-two — but that he possessed every qualification to make him what he was fast becoming, a leading statesman. I cried for joy and prayed for very thankfulness. He could be none other than *my* boy, coming at last, honored by his native State. My ambition had no bounds. I would live to see him Governor, perhaps President. No station was too lofty for my hero. Did he love me yet? Day after day I asked the question. No answer came, but in the wild beatings of my heart, I felt that he could not be lost to me.

"I counted the hours until the time came for the assembling of the legislature. At length the members arrived. I found out that Mr. Churchill stopped at the Washington House, and all day long I sat in our parlor window, as you have done this afternoon, in the hope that he would come to me. I never left my post except to run to the looking-glass, to see if I looked as pretty as I tried to believe folks thought me, but it was a wearisome watch, and when night came I was sick with disappointment.

"The next morning while the frost was still sparkling on the trees and roofs, I put on my cloak and thought I would find him."

"Oh, Aunt Phœbe! How could you?"

"Yes, Julie, I know according to the style now, I'd have been called a strong-minded woman, but God knows I only wanted to see the man whom I thought *mine* by the right of my strong love. I walked through the park towards the Capitol. Soon a couple of gentlemen going in the same direction, passed me. One towered above the others in height and majesty. I knew his voice before I saw his face, and forgetting all else, called out, 'William!'

"He turned, left the group, and, seizing my hand till it felt as if it were in a vise, said in a cheery, glad voice—I know he was glad:

"'Why, my dear old friend Phœbe, how do you do? It has been long, long since I saw you. I have talked about you and our wild frolics a thousand times. Do you remember them? I waited long for you to answer my letter.' His eyes looked straight into mine.

"'Remember them?' I said — wasn't my heart bursting with its weight of memories?

"Oh, Aunt Phœbe, did you faint?" cried the sympathetic Julie.

"No, no, child," replied Miss Phœbe, after a moment of silence, in which she breathed hard, "*I held my own.*"

"'Will you come in, Phœbe, and see my wife? She is here with me and has often heard me speak of you,' said William. His voice seemed to tremble just a little.

"I went, Julie; I went twice. She was a delicate, quiet little body, fond of dressing, and mighty proud of being the wife of a great politician. I guess William was happy. I never saw him again but in her presence, and before a month had passed away I came to California and have been here ever since. I expect he is dead. It was not his fault that he changed his mind. Men don't love like women, and it's all for the best, I suppose. If it was not for this valentine I'd forget that I had ever been young and happy and hopeful."

For an instant both the old maiden and the young were still. Julie was the first to break the silence. "Then the sentence *was* true. Even in your life there has been a romance. Who'd have thought it!"

"Romance! Never! It's as real as death. Romance! Stuff and nonsense! I don't know the meaning of the word." Miss Phœbe touched the sleeping cat at her feet with the toe of her walking boot. The clock struck five.

"Bless me! Almost dinner time, and no orders yet for Chung. What will he think? Here, Julie, put the box where you took it from. I can't imagine what's been working in me to make me tell you this, but it's all true," and laying the memento in its place, she left the room for the kitchen.

Julie's eye fell upon her own valentine. 'Twas a pity, but it's charm had already fled. No event preceded its advent; no association hallowed its memory. Perhaps, as so often happens, a half-dozen had been sent to others by the same donor, and disgusted with what seemed a gilded mockery, she hid it from her sight.

II.

"I'll be home this time to-morrow, Julie—God willing—and if the fellow does n't come to terms and show himself an honest man, I'll have him arrested, and end the matter. Don't forget to feed Dick and don't come to meet me. Good-bye, dear," and the long train going northward, with Miss Phœbe in it, moved from the dépot.

It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day.

"She is the funniest mixture of a woman I ever saw," said the young girl to herself, as she returned to her aunt's house through the dewy, flower-scented air of an early February morning in California. "Yesterday, she talked like a poet. Mary Anderson could n't have told that story with more pathos, and now, she 's going one hundred and fifty miles to arrest a man for tresspassing upon her property."

The "fellow" did "come to terms" under the quiet firmness of Miss Phœbe during their fifteen minutes' interview, and with the step of a conqueror she entered the coach of an overland train at midnight of that same day to return home. There was but one empty seat at the rear of the car, near the door, of which she took possession and proceeded to make herself as comfortable as possible for a night ride of four hours.

She removed her bonnet, after a while, and tying up her head in her brown veil, soon fell asleep. When she awoke from a thirty minutes' nap, the train had stopped and was taking on new passengers.

"No chance here," said the foremost of a group of men, who, with gripsacks and overcoats, were striding through the aisle with disappointed faces.

"Any objections, madam, to my sharing your seat?" said one of them, a large man with a heavy grey beard and a slouched hat pulled over his brow.

"Certainly not," said Miss Phœbe, as she crowded more closely to the window to give him room, and then turned her face to the outer darkness. Soon the brakeman and his lantern were gone, and again all was quiet and dimness. Miss Phœbe's companion, leaning forward to the back of the seat in front of them, tried to pillow his head upon his folded arms, but the position seemed to give him no comfort. He yawned repeatedly, wiped his face with his gloved hand and finally said:

"I have always envied your sex the happy faculty of adapting yourselves to circumstances. I would give much for an hour's sleep, but I cannot get it here."

Miss Phœbe made no immediate reply, but, presently, handing him her large blanket-shawl, which she had rolled up like a pillow, she said:

"You are welcome to it, sir, if you can use it in any way."

The gentleman demurred. He was depriving her of it; but finally yielded to her rather tart assertion, "If I had n't meant you to take it I would n't have offered it to you."

For another hour on flew the rattling train with its sleeping freight. Miss Phœbe looked at her watch. It was three o'clock. The man beside her had not moved since he had tucked the shawl beneath his head. Perhaps it was the light snap of her watch-case that finally aroused him. At any rate, he suddenly straightened himself up, and inclining his head to hers, said abruptly:

"Madam, your shawl has bewitched me. All sleep has fled. Strange—it smells of dried rose-leaves, and the peculiar odor brings back to me my boyhood, and the happiest days of my life." His voice was low and mellow, and seemed to invite confidence.

"Is that so? But I always hold that California roses, handsome as they are, don't smell like the old hundred-leaved roses back East. At least not to my taste," replied Miss Phœbe, pleased and surprised that the gentleman had made such a sentimental remark.

"There I agree with you. It was 'back East' where my roses grew—in old Pennsylvania, my home."

"That shawl was my mother's," said Miss Phœbe. "It's old-fashioned now, but I like it. Mother had a fashion of filling the linen press and bureau drawers with that kind of rose leaves, and the scent clings, you see."

Then each relapsed into silence, during which Miss Phœbe loosened the veil which seemed tightening around her throat.

"Pardon me, madam, for being so personal, but your voice, like the rose odor, has its associations, too. Did you ever live in Pennsylvania? I see that you are, like myself, a Californian, now."

"Yes; a long time ago, as years run, I lived in the capital—leastways when I lived at all."

The last part of the sentence seemed forced from her unwilling lips. She looked out of the window into the starlit sky and wondered why the man's voice was affecting her so strangely. Was she getting into her dotage? Had not her revival of the old story the day previous proven it?

"God forgive me and let me die before I get old and foolish," she prayed, mutely.

"Strange coincidence," said the gentleman, leaning toward her. "I, too, was born in the capital, and am now in search of a friend from there—a friend who is very dear to me. Did you know the Hunters? My name is Churchill.

"And mine—" she tore the veil from her head and turned her face squarely toward him.

"Phœbe!"

That was all. Two right hands clasped with a mutual thrill. * * * It was time for breakfast, and Julie stood in the window awaiting her aunt's return. After awhile a carriage stopped in front of the door and Aunt Phœbe, accompanied by a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, alighted.

"Goodness!" thought Julie, "she's not only arrested the fellow, but brought him along."

The next moment Aunt Phœbe, with face aglow, almost ran up the steps, while her companion, taking the astonished girl's hand in both his own said simply, but with a world of music in his voice:

"Your aunt has found her valentine!"

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF UTAH.

BY G. L. BROWNE.

UTAH is, at the present time, attracting its full quota of national interest, owing partly to the recent bills before Congress, and the strong factional differences so forcibly brought before the public, which have existed among its people for a great many years. Its history, ever since Brigham Young and his band of Mormon followers entered Salt Lake valley and chose this locality for their home, has given it a distinctive feature, and a unique attractiveness that the territory shares in common with no other community. This history has aroused keen interest wherever the people have familiarized themselves with it, but there are a great many, particularly in the East, who know little or nothing of it, and are entirely unacquainted with the condition of affairs within the Territory. A short time ago two ladies from the East while visiting Salt Lake City, inquired how many wives a Mormon usually takes. They were evidently unaware that the Edmunds law had been passed in 1882, prohibiting plural marriage, and it is quite probable that there are many men and women equally ignorant of this and other circumstances that have effected

changes during the past few years, and of the present conditions surrounding the people themselves, who have given the valley of Salt Lake its peculiar history.

When the Mormons first entered the valley, they were under the ban of a prejudice that many years have failed to efface, for they are even now considered, by those who are not well acquainted with the doctrines of their faith, a peculiar people whose religion possesses no feature in common with that of any other, and by many they are believed to have banded together for selfish purposes, to accomplish which they are willing to sacrifice integrity, honor and humanity, when in point of fact, the motives and most of the fundamental principles of their faith, are the same as those which form the bases of other Christian religions, and some of them aim still higher in the interests of human salvation.

When Joseph Smith, their prophet and seer, first expounded the principles of Mormonism to his followers, it was intrinsically pure, and free of some of the features it possesses at the present time that are considered objectionable. Polygamy was not one of the pristine doctrines, and in the book of Mormon it will be found thus emphatically forbidden:

"Therefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken unto the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have, save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none.

"For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things."

The broad possibilities of construction contained in this last verse, enables the Mormons to sustain the consistency of introducing polygamy some time later. Joseph Smith was a lad of fourteen when he is supposed to have received his first revelation. At that age, it is claimed, he was informed by God that no church in existence was following the correct principles of religious worship, and later, Moroni, one of God's prophets appeared to Joseph in a vision, and directed him to a hill near his home in Manchester, New York, where some golden plates were concealed, upon which was written the true doctrine of Christ, together with a record of an ancient people. The boy is said to have translated these records and revelations, which were written in an ancient language, by means of the "Urim and Thummim," a peculiar pair of stone spectacles found with the tablets.

He states that some of these people, whose history the tablets contained, were the first inhabitants of America, and came from the tower of Babel after the confusion of tongues. They were known as the Jeredites. Subsequently another colony came from Jerusalem, 600 years, B. C., and dividing, became the two distinct tribes of the Nephites and the Lamanites. The former, who became civilized, were exterminated by the latter, who became savage, and the descendants of the Lamanites are said to be what now remains of our American Indians. The angel Moroni, he claims, had been a Nephite during his life time. When Smith first made known his convictions concerning his revelations, he was looked upon with distrust and ridicule, but at length he gathered a few proselytes about him, and on the sixth of April, 1830, founded the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Missionaries were almost immediately sent westward to preach the new doctrine, and shortly afterwards, portions of the people followed them, forming colonies at Kirtland, Ohio, and Independence, Missouri, both of which places they were obliged to leave, on account of differences with the Gentiles and alleged wrong doings. In 1838, the whole Church, to which at this time 15,000 people belonged, had moved to Caldwell County, Missouri, and established the town of Far West.

Before long, the same causes that had driven them from Kirtland and

Independence, aggravated by political differences, began to cause them trouble here, and became the source of many cruelties and injustices. Near this town occurred the Haun's Mill Massacre, in which a portion of the militia attacked some Mormon settlers, killing about twenty, and wounding many more. Far West was also attacked, and the Mormons were obliged to abandon their homes in Missouri. They next founded Nauvoo, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi. They held the balance of power for some time in this locality, and Joseph Smith having been made mayor, governed the city and his people according to their wishes. New homes were built, and preparations were made to settle down comfortably and peaceably.

The church had, in the meantime, gained power and strength, and began to assert her sway, and preach her doctrines more freely than formerly. It was here that Joseph Smith first informed some of his followers that he had received the revelation concerning plural or celestial marriage, and taught them its principles. The theory of the creed is that in this or some other sphere there are myriads of unembodied spirits that can only attain rest by entering an earthly tabernacle, and the need of supplying these tabernacles was the justification urged for polygamy. Further, women are to be exalted in the world to come according to the number of tabernacles they can supply for these unclothed spirits.

He made no public declaration concerning it, but introduced the practice amongst his people.

By this time the Gentile portion of the population had increased considerably, and their former prejudices and dislikes had become irritated by the new doctrine of the Mormon church, which was contrary to the teachings and customs of any civilized country, making it impossible for the two parties to live peaceably in the same community. They began depredations upon one another again, and finally became so belligerent, that the Mormons at one time called out the Nauvoo legion to defend themselves from an attack of their opposers. As a punishment for this act, Joseph Smith was arrested, but afterwards acquitted and released. However, feelings continued to be so bitter that Joseph's rearrest was demanded, and he gave himself over to the authorities, who imprisoned him at Carthage, together with his brother Hyrum, John Taylor and Willard Richards. While he was confined there, a mob broke into the jail and killed Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and almost fatally wounded John Taylor. Willard Richards was the only one of the four who escaped unscathed.

Other troubles ensued, and a year or two later the Mormons started for the Rocky Mountains, but were delayed on the way thither by the enlistment in the army of 500 men from amongst them, to fight under Kearney in the Mexican war. The caravan, so diminished in number, was unable to push forward, and it was not until sometime afterwards that they reached their destination.

In July, 1847, Brigham Young, at the head of the Mormon Pioneers, entered the valley of Salt Lake. Here they settled down, hoping they might, for the time being, become an isolated people, free to live according to their convictions, and the teachings of their prophet.

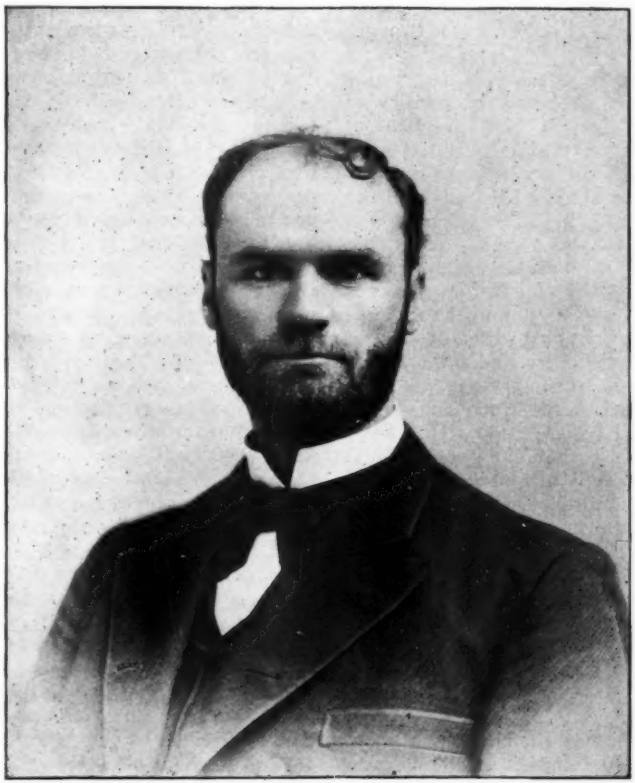
A provisional government was almost immediately formed and Brigham Young became Governor. Application for admission into the Union as a State being denied, and Utah Territory being organized shortly afterwards by Congress, Brigham Young was appointed Governor of the Territory. In 1857, a new set of officials was placed at the head of the Territorial Government.

The Mormons had not been settled in their new locality very long before trains of emigrants, coming westward

began to pass through the Territory, some stopping and here making their homes. Most of them, however, passed on to the Pacific Coast. The Mormons, about this time, were accused, falsely, they claim, of being in rebellion against the Federal Government, and an army was sent out to subdue them. Actual hostilities were averted, however. Shortly afterwards the Mountain Meadow massacre occurred, in the month of September, 1857. The circumstances attending this occurrence are well known. A force of Indians headed by a few radical Mormons, fell upon an emigrant train passing through the Territory, killing men, women, and children.

The leader of this movement, John D. Lee, was brought to justice afterwards and executed.

Such violent measures did not continue many years, for the Government, extending its peaceful and orderly influences over the Territory, these contentions gradually disappeared, and the war was, in time, carried forward in the political field alone. The Gentiles had banded together, forming themselves into the Liberal party, in which national politics were forgotten, Democrats and Republicans working side by side for a common



BISHOP O. F. WHITNEY.

purpose, the opposition of what they considered unlawful in the Mormon creed and practice.

The Mormons clung together firmly, having formed an opposing faction, the People's party, and stood faithfully by their principles and convictions. They gave their leaders their full support, and being in the majority held the reins of power a good many years.

The Government was in the meantime, testing the constitutionality of her laws against the practice of polygamy. Several polygamists were arrested, but no very definite or satisfactory steps against the practice were taken, until, in 1882, when the Edmunds law was passed. After this proceeding it became necessary in order to sustain the law, to make a good many arrests amongst the Mormons, who found it difficult to set aside a practice they had been taught to believe one of the most sacred principles of their faith—upon the charge of unlawful cohabitation. But little by little they were obliged to yield to the demands of the Government, for the Gentiles of Salt Lake City were gradually gaining the ascendency, and in August, 1889, for the first time, carried the city by a small majority of forty-one. Ever since this time, the Liberal party has continued to gather force, a fact which the results of each succeeding political campaign have sufficiently demonstrated.

But even after the city government had changed hands, the old animosities continued to exist, the Mormons contending that the election had been carried by fraud. This was indignantly denied, with the countercharge that the Mormons desired to retain control of the Territory, to build up an independent theocratic government within our own which would oppose its laws to those of the United States, and that their political movements were controlled entirely by the heads of the Church. In refutation of this, a manifesto was issued, on the 12th of December, 1889, in which the following announcements were made:

"We declare that no bishop's or other court in the Church, claims or exercises civil or judicial functions, or the right to supersede, annul or modify a judgment of any civil court. * * This Church while offering advice for the welfare of its members, * * * does not claim nor exercise the right to interfere with citizens in the free exercise of social or political rights and privileges. The ballot of this Territory is absolutely untrammeled and secret. * * * We also declare that this Church does not claim to be an independent temporal kingdom of God, nor to be an *imperium in imperio*, aiming to overthrow the United States or any civil government. * * * Church government and civil government are distinct and separate in our theory and practice, and we regard it as part of our destiny to aid in the maintenance and perpetuity of the institutions of our country."

Not long afterwards another manifesto was issued, on account of the Gentiles' detestation of the church's doctrine of polygamy, which they believed was still extensively practiced *sub rosa*, in which President Woodruff declares that plural marriages are no longer being solemnized, that the church is not teaching polygamy, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and he advises the Latter-Day Saints to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land. On the 19th of December, 1891, a petition was sent to the President of the United States by the Mormons, asking amnesty for those who have violated the Edmunds law, and are suffering the penalty for so doing. They declare their loyalty to the Government, expressing an earnest desire to live in peace and harmony with their fellow-citizens who are not of their faith, for which purpose they have voluntarily put aside something, which all their lives they have believed a sacred principle, and pledging their

honor for the future of their erring brothers. The sincerity of this petition is vouched for by the Governor of Utah, the chief-justice and several other prominent Gentile citizens. It is not quite certain whether it will or will not be granted, but the indications are favorable.

Not long ago the present writer sought an interview with President Woodruff, which, after considerable difficulty, was obtained. He is an old man, whose health is in rather a precarious condition, and whose time and attention is almost wholly occupied by affairs pertaining to the Church. Expressing himself upon the subjects that have long been the cause of agitation and contention in our Territory, he said:

"Popular prejudice has been the greatest enemy we have been obliged to contend with, ever since the founding of our Church, and this has been aggravated by our opposers, who do us no justice in their representations of us to the world.

"Writers have visited us and interviewed the leaders of the Church for the purpose of gathering knowledge concerning the principles of our religion, and obtaining their views upon questions of interest in our Territory, then have written about us, rejecting many valuable points that could be published in the interest of our Church, and substituting their own biased ideas, gathered before coming among us.

"Through such sources, strangers are given to understand we are a peculiar people, who have nothing in common with any others, and when they come amongst us, are surprised to find they are mistaken.

"Those who mingle with us, and know us well, are aware that our people are instructed to live according to the teachings contained in the Bible, of Christ in the New Testament, of Abraham and the other patriarchs in the old.

"Our doctrine concerning celestial marriage has contributed largely to rendering us unpopular, and for its sake we have undergone a good deal of suffering. We have been persecuted to a great extent, by the Gentiles, but through every misfortune, have clung firmly to our convictions. We have endured these misfortunes with comparatively little resentment towards our persecutors, at all times respecting their religions, and simply desiring that they respect ours. We have even allowed ministers of different sects to preach their doctrines in our Tabernacle, before they were able to build churches of their own.

"In political matters, we believe our opposers have taken some unfair advantage of us. There has undoubtedly been a good deal of strategy used to defeat us at the elections. Men who do not belong here, have been brought to the city by the Liberals, under different pretexts, and retained for a sufficient length of time to vote, and in this way they have prevailed against us.

"The two bills we have before Congress, one asking for Statehood, the other for Home Rule, are of great interest to every one at present. We should be granted statehood, for our Territory is entirely eligible. Her boundaries embrace one of the richest and most productive spots in the country, and our population exceeds that of several States in the Union.

"I do not think it will be very long before these questions will be settled in a way satisfactory to all parties concerned."

President George Q. Cannon, in one of his late publications, speaks thus of some of the grievances of the Mormon people:

"Only recently, Mormons have been denied the right of naturalization. * * * Within a short time, the Idaho Test Oath, as flagrant a violation of constitutional law as was ever attempted, an enactment that would have shocked every American of earlier times, has been gravely discussed in the capital of this nation, as an act that should be enforced against

an entire people. * * * It may be the Mormons to-day, but who will it be to-morrow? When once the * * * constitutional safeguards are violated, where shall anyone seek safety? * *

"Among the first buildings erected by us have been schoolrooms. The first American paper published in California was issued from a Mormon press. The first farming operations performed by American labor there were carried on by Mormons. The first gold discovered in California was dug by Mormons. We were the first Anglo-Saxons who have practiced irrigation. * * In the social qualities of peace and good order, we have no equal in the world. Apart from the offences defined by special enactment to meet our case, an infraction of law by a Mormon is of rare occurrence.

"Industrious, moral, god-fearing at home, valiant and respected abroad, they have held the attention of the world for fifty years. With the virtues they have shown, and the record they have made, it is not easy to blacken their character and ruin their prospects. We have seen that robbery, falsehood, driving, murder, have all tried in vain."

It may be expedient to offer an explanation of the two first assertions of President Cannon. The reason given by the Government for refusing the Mormons naturalization, is that their laws and institutions are treason able to the United States.

The Idaho Test Oath is enforced only in Idaho. It requires a man to renounce Mormonism, and swear that he has done so before he is entitled to vote.

Most of the younger men are less imbued with this strong feeling of resentment towards their opposers, and realize the opposite side of the question is entitled to some consideration as well as their own. O. F. Whitney, a young bishop of the Mormon church, who possesses considerable breadth of character, and whose very presence carries conviction of his sincerity, expressed to me a most earnest desire to see a peaceable adjustment of affairs between the opposing factions.

"The Church has suspended the practice of celestial marriage," he said, "one of the most sacred principles of our faith, one in which we still sincerely believe, for the sake of promoting harmony of feeling between the Mormons and Gentiles and our people, in the main, have submitted to the change of conditions this step involves. Occasionally, cases of unlawful cohabitation are brought before the courts of the United States, but they are becoming very rare.

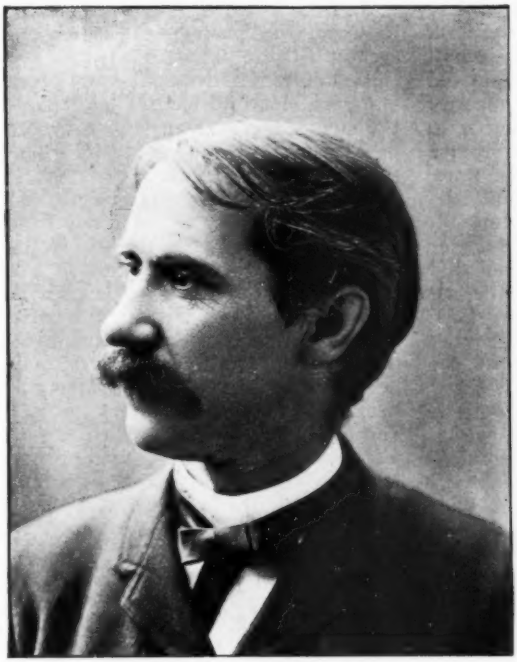
"There was a time when the feeling of antagonism between Mormon and Gentile was so strong that they would have no dealings with one another, but those days, and the circumstances connected with them, are at an end. The younger generations now mingle together unreservedly. This has served, in a great measure, to banish the old enmities, and to more securely establish the feeling of good will.

"The Mormons have dissolved the People's party, and divided on national party lines, in all sincerity. We are desired to act according to our individual convictions, and we believe that Church and State should be distinct and separate institutions.

"We have had a bitter struggle against prejudice, and some difficulty in convincing others of our sincerity, but those feelings are now much less pronounced than formerly, and promise to eventually disappear."

Reverend Dr. Utter, the minister of the Unitarian church of this city, and a man whose religious ideas are based almost entirely upon logical principles, considers the very foundation of Mormonism unreasonable and fraudulent.

"I do not hesitate to tell the Mormons themselves," he says, "that almost any religion, founded upon the assertions of one man, and his claims to revelations, unless these assertions will bear the light of reason,



REV. DR. UTTER.

is apt to be fraudulent. A great many of the statements made by their prophets are absurd, and overstep the bounds of reason. There are, however, some redeeming features about the religion, which give it the stability it has manifested. Joseph Smith was undoubtedly actuated by lofty and noble motives in founding it, for he was, at that time, young and pure, and possessed of an exalted spirituality. His love for chastity was well expressed in his command to his people, that a man should have but one wife, and his prohibition of licentious indulgences. Later, when he had fallen in love with other women, came his so-called revelation concerning plural or celestial marriage. He married these women secretly, and when it was made known to the world that he had done so, he and his wives were publicly disgraced.

"He had not the force of character and courage to openly sustain this last revelation, which he was whispering about to a few of his followers, but Brigham Young, possessing the strength and honesty that Joseph Smith lacked, unhesitatingly preached the doctrine of celestial marriage, and did not seek to conceal the fact that he was living with several wives, exhorting others to do the same, in the face of the most violent opposition.

"The Mormon people have contended with opposition for fifty years or more, for the sake of sustaining this doctrine of their church. At length, however, they have set it aside, and in so doing have displayed an inconsistency which seems to me, equivalent to a confession that in sustaining it, they have been in error. And I believe that a great many of them now realize that polygamy is disgraceful, and a stain of shame upon their religion.

"Polygamy is, of course, practiced very little at present, and when it is, necessarily, in the utmost secrecy. When the practice is entirely abolished, and when the church ceases to interfere in political matters, the Mormons' troubles will be at an end, and they will be allowed to enjoy their religion without fear of molestation."

Proceeding with our political history, we find early in the spring of 1891, national politics were introduced into the Territory, and by a spontaneous movement the party that had always been known as the Church, or People's party, was dissolved. Throughout the counties, cities and hamlets, Republican and Democratic clubs were formed, and the people at once joined them. At the same time, a trifling percentage of the Liberals

withdrew from the organization they had so long adhered to, and went off on National party lines. This small percentage has entirely set aside old prejudices, relying upon the sincerity of the Mormons, and commenced to work in common with them from a purely national standpoint. Of these the Democrats endorse the Faulkner-Caine Home Rule Bill, the Republicans, the Teller Bill, providing for statehood for Utah, which have been submitted to Congress within the last year by the Mormons, and have been violently opposed by the Liberals, who question the expediency of the passage of either of these bills. They believe that if the Government pass either one, the contentions, which formerly existed will be reanimated, and retard the progress of the Territory and her cities, whereas, as matters now stand, everything seems to be approaching an amicable and satisfactory adjustment.

Mayor Baskin, in a speech at the Territorial Liberal Convention of Utah says: "The Gentiles of this Territory know what statehood means. The very moment statehood was announced, the ranks of the old party began to close up. That party saw that it had made a mistake in being so premature in this declaration, and crawfish-like, they began to deny the assertion when it was charged by the Liberal party. * * * Afterwards one of the delegates in Congress, representing the People's party, announced * * * that the people in Utah were not advocating statehood now. * * * A short time after that declaration, there came from his hand the Faulkner Bill. * * * The Faulkner bill was giving the Territory, except in form, all the powers of a state. * * * I oppose the Teller bill and the Faulkner Bill, * * * because * * * it brings home to us the fact that our liberties are in greater jeopardy than ever.

* * * * * * *

"We are doing well. Our Territory was never more prosperous than within the last four years under the measure, the passage of which we accomplished. That measure has caused more improvements, and given more confidence to capital, and made the men of the Territory breathe more freely than they have in all the years that have gone before. * * * It astonished me, two years ago, to find how eminent men in the nation have been misinformed as to the real status of the case. * * * With such a force as we can bring to bear, with such honesty of purpose, and with such ability as is possessed by members of the Liberal party, Utah will be saved. The old Liberal party will be permitted to perform its mission, and by the moral forces which are at work, we can hope in five or ten years to see Utah admitted to the sisterhood of States in this Union."

Not long ago, while engaged in conversation with the writer, the Mayor expressed a belief that it would not be long before all feelings of hostility between Mormon and Gentile would die, and the questions now agitating the public mind would be settled without friction.

Judge Powers, a prominent politician of Salt Lake City, strenuously opposes the Faulkner and Teller bills, saying of the Mormons, "Their dream has been statehood from the time they first came here and organized the State of Deseret, because statehood, means the United States must keep its hands off the domestic affairs of this Territory. * * *

"Following upon the heels of this bill (the Teller Bill), a most vicious and ill-considered bill, that places no check upon the executive, that places scarcely any check upon the judiciary, that contains no bill of rights, there was introduced into the legislature of the Territory of Utah the other day, a bill by the people who are advocating home rule, that proposed to take away from 60,000 people the right to express at the polls their preference for their rulers. * * * And when you consider this Faulkner-

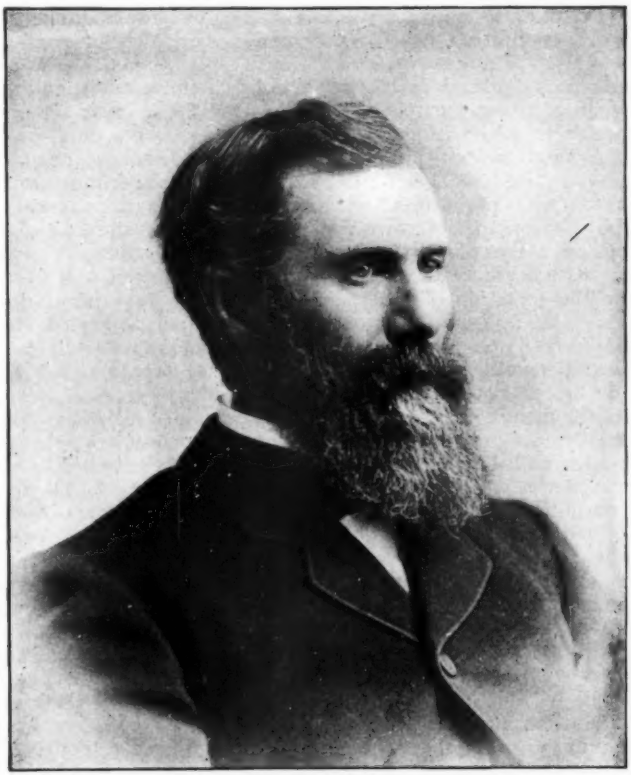
Caine Bill, I have no doubt that every Liberal would prefer statehood to it. * * *

"They (the Mormons) believe that all inspiration comes from above, and that men have been placed here upon earth, who receive from the Almighty the thoughts he desires to have conveyed to his chosen people. We believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God."

Those Liberals who have divided on national party lines, are, as a rule, much less radical in their views than those who still belong to the Liberal party. A prominent young broker of this city, who has lately left the Liberal party, and joined that of the Democrats, expresses an entirely unbiased opinion of the present political situation. He says: "The Democratic party has broken up, and completely routed the People's (Church) party. Its present task is to break up the Liberal (Ring) party. The time has existed in Utah when the saints were all sinners and the Jews were all Gentiles. The era now is that the sinners are all (professedly) saints, and the Gentiles are denying Christ and his teachings.

"New blood, new brains is all that Utah needs. We are overcrowded with heroes, philosophers, statesmen, patriots, Grand Army men, Southern gentlemen, preachers and false prophets."

The prevailing sentiments concern



MAYOR BASKIN.

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ing our political situation amongst the young men who formerly belonged to the People's party are expressed by a young Mormon in these words:

"We should have statehood or home rule. We have a population exceeding that of Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming together, and are entitled to equal privileges. Our enemies do not desire that we obtain either statehood or home rule, for they are well aware that when we do those men whom they have placed in office arbitrarily, cannot maintain their positions at the head of our Government.

"We labor under the burden of extreme prejudice, because polygamy has been practiced by three or four per cent. of our people, because there have been so many absurd misrepresentations of us, and so many crimes, that were never committed, have been attributed to us. For these reasons, the Government is doubtful as to the expediency of granting our requests.

"We have welcomed national politics into the Territory with joy, for since their advent we have been subjected less to these prejudices, and can now fully demonstrate that we do not follow the dictation of our Church in political matters, more than other men follow the dictation of political bosses.

"We sincerely hope and believe that these differences, which have been so detrimental to hearty cooperation of the men in our Territory, will eventually disappear, for then old animosities will be forgotten in the common desire to promote the welfare of our cities."

It is expected that these differences and the petty objects that have crept in and irritated them, will in time, become so modified that the constant friction, which has kept aglow the fire of enmity between Mormon and Gentile for so many years, will cease, and they will be able to judge one another with discrimination and justice. The unprejudiced observer will find the past history of the Mormons, though it bears witness to a great many errors, very interesting and pathetic. They have borne persecutions, they have left their homes, come from foreign countries, and traveled across a desert land, amidst severe trials, resisting their opposers with firmness and even cruelty.

Despite the many imputations that have been made against their sincerity, it is certainly a fact that the Mormons believed in the truth and righteousness of their cause. There has been no instance in history of people banding together in such numbers, and standing firmly by each other for such a length of time to maintain selfish or unworthy principles. By this it is not meant that principles, of which few can approve, have not been introduced into the Church since it was founded, but these did not belong to it, nor were they a part of Joseph Smith's plan, when, hardly more than a child, he founded it, and they must die out if the religion remains stable.

Bandits, robbers, and, in fact, any other transgressors of the public peace, have never been known to form permanent organizations, enduring years of hardship for the sake of the principles that govern their actions. Joseph Smith was a bold character, and instilled into his followers the spirit that had prompted him to present the world a new religion, the only one of any force founded within the last hundred years. He unflinchingly sustained all of his convictions, saving polygamy. Knowing the sentiments of all Christendom concerning such an institution, he hesitated to expound its principles, but Brigham Young, who possessed force of character equal to that of his predecessor, but less of his pristine spirituality boldly preached the doctrine of celestial marriage, and by his own example openly encouraged its practice.

The prejudice against the Mormons was first aroused by their peculiarity and extreme conservatism. They clung together tenaciously, but drew a distinct line between themselves and others, for they assimilated very

little with those who were not of their faith. When polygamy was introduced as an institution of their church, the prejudice and dislike that had hitherto been entertained against them developed into detestation, the consequences of which have been long years of contention.

But notwithstanding these contentions, which have followed them wherever they have made their homes, and have led many to consider them a belligerent people, in their dealings with each other they were honest, conscientious and industrious. They have allowed their ardor and enthusiasm for their church to lead them to fanaticism and narrow mindedness, but in mingling with others, those qualities have become greatly modified. Their minds have expanded, their ideas have broadened, but they have lost some of the integrity and honesty that were at first marked characteristics of the Mormon people.

When they came westward and settled in the valley of Salt Lake, they purposed to isolate themselves from the rest of the world, and live according to their own convictions. They were obliged to overcome the wilderness in order to render the valley habitable, and labor continuously to obtain the bare necessities. For many years, they were obliged to cope with the severely practical questions of life, which left them little time or attention for anything else. Consequently a generation grew to manhood and womanhood, surrounded by comparatively few educational advantages. But since then, energetic and progressive minds from the East having introduced facilities into the Territory, institutions of learning have come into existence so rapidly that at present, no city between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast can boast a better system of scholastic training than that of Salt Lake.

Following the introduction and development of educational advantages, art, music, literature and other of the formerly neglected fine arts have forced themselves to the foreground, and are now assuming their proper positions of importance with the rising genius of the locality. Their refining influences have almost obliterated the dividing line between Mormon and Gentile, and the young people mingle together unreservedly for the sake of social intercourse and mutual improvement.

Under these peaceful and harmonious circumstances, prosperity is asserting her sway, and if the present conditions continue to improve in the future, as rapidly as they have in the past few years, it will not be long before everything will be adjusted in a manner satisfactory to all parties concerned, and old animosities and prejudices shall be buried in a common grave, over which Mormon and Gentile shall clasp hands as brother and brother.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GRAVE.

THE ROMANCE OF CLAVDIVS ALONZO

BY M. L. FEUSIER.

A HUM of voices, with an occasional ring of laughter, resounded through the halls of the Louvre. One soul alone was unmoved by the rich beauty and grandeur surrounding him. It was the old guard in the Salle de la Venus de Milo. Heedless of the scores of people crowding in to look upon the almost living statue of ideal beauty, he sat apart, with his eyes cast to the ground, and his white locks falling carelessly upon his shoulders. Some paused as they passed by, doubtful whether to consider him flesh and blood, or but cold, lifeless clay.

A little child, impelled by curiosity, stepped forward and touched the old man upon the shoulder. He raised his eyes—but not to hers. They sought and saw only the grand, majestic form of the goddess behind the iron bars. Oh, the look in those dark, Italian eyes, that were raised so hopefully to the monument of beauty before him! It was not one of glowing admiration, nor even one of passing fondness. It was a yearning, pleading, soulful look; one of agonized longing, yet mingled with a touch of patient resignation. The brows were raised half inquiringly, and the lips murmured in Italian, "Not yet?" But the cold marble made no reply, and the old man, with a sigh, dropped into his former attitude, repeating slowly, "Not yet—not yet."

A young Italian artist, hearing the sigh, turned toward the old man, and gazed admiringly upon his handsome, regular features. There was an expression of set determination imprinted upon the face, and the artist thought it belonged to one who seemed born to command instead of occupying the menial position of a guard.

"Who is this old man?" asked the artist, turning to an officer.

"He? Oh, that 's only the guard who watches over the Venus de Milo. He sleeps here at night, you know. Poor fellow; he 's been crazy these twenty years."

"Indeed," said the other, somewhat surprised; "I should think it unsafe to commit such a precious charge to the hands of one who can know little of its value. Think you he could not be induced—"

"Bless your heart, sir," interrupted the officer, "all the gold and treasures of the world could not tempt him. Why, only last Fall we had occasion to go behind the bars, in order to shift those two figures on the left a little farther this way, and the old man would like to have killed us. He rushed beside the Venus de Milo, and no one dared touch her. No, no; he's a safeguard. He's been here these twenty years."

"How oddly he sits," observed the young Italian; "he might pose for the penitent Absalom, were he not so old."

"Yes, he *is* a penitent," observed the officer; "at least, so we judge from the sentences he utters now and then. He seldom speaks during the daytime. It is only at night when the people are gone, and we are about to close up, that we hear him talk. I believe he was once a fine gentleman and loved a beautiful girl. But her brother—a selfish fellow—wished to marry her to a wealthier man, who was also courting her. The girl, however, loved the old man here, and engaged herself to him. When the exasperated brother learned of it he challenged the accepted lover to a duel. It was fought and the brother was killed. The young girl, deeming herself the cause of the trouble, became very wretched, and, of course, felt that she could not marry her brother's murderer. But mind, she loved him just the same. Are you listening, sir?"

"Yes, yes, proceed."

"Well, she bade him leave her, and that she might show respect to her brother's memory, married the other gentleman. A few years later this poor fellow lost his mind. He came here, and no sooner gazed upon the Venus de Milo than he fell upon his knees and wept like a child. He believes it is his old love, who, being so pure and perfect herself, has forbidden his approach until full atonement be made for his crime. Many times he holds his hands up to her, and then cries that the stains are washed away. Again, he raises his eyes beseechingly, and then drops into this pensive attitude."

"Poor, poor man," said the artist, kindly. "But what has become of the young woman?"

"Oh, nobody here knows, sir. This tale is just what we have gathered from his mutterings, and may be a dream on his part for aught we know."

The young man turned toward the statue. In a moment he was lost to all else around him, and stood transfixed and speechless—gazing upon the surpassing beauty of the Venus de Milo. To him she was a very Heaven of Beauty! The young Italian gazed upon her with that intense admiration which belongs to the artist alone. Every feature seemed dilated to absorb the full measure of her lofty and imperial loveliness. It was not a statue—but Woman—nay, the very being of eternal love itself!

The old man had raised his eyes to the young Italian's face, and he saw admiration stamped upon every feature. The white head shook; a tremor passed through the withered frame; the dark eyes flashed with hatred and jealousy. The officer observed it, and touched the young Italian upon the shoulder. "If you remain here so long, sir," he said, "you will not have time to visit the other halls this afternoon."

"Very well, I am glad you recalled me. It is time I sought my companion, too. We may step in again when the crowd has thinned out a little. Come, I am ready now."

The two stepped out together, and were soon lost among the swarm of people.

It was an hour later. The bell which warned the reluctant visitors to depart had ceased swinging. Only a

few stragglers remained, and among them was the Italian artist. A beautiful young girl, who might have been some two years his junior, leaned upon his arm. They hastened down the almost empty hall, but paused at the entrance of the Salle de la Venus de Milo.

"Let us step in a moment," said the artist; "I wish to examine the curve of her mouth once more. Then I think I can return home and produce a tolerably good likeness."

"Yes," answered the young girl, "you carry faces well. Ah, how delightful to be here alone!"

They entered—he to hasten toward the central figure, she to roam carelessly about the room. But they were not alone; the old man was still reclining upon his couch. Suddenly he started, as if some familiar vibrations were passing through the air. He gazed but a moment upon the young girl's face, when his own lit up with all the passionate, animated glow of a victorious lover. He bounded madly from his couch, and with a shriek that echoed through the empty halls, fell at the young girl's feet.

"Corine! Corine!" cried the poor lunatic, wildly, "Oh, Corine, my love, hast thou come at last!"

The frightened girl attempted to move, but he clung to her garments, showering kisses upon them. "Here is thy soft, black lock. See, thine have not changed since that day. O Corine, beloved, say thou hast forgiven me! Say thou hast come to take me home—to thee!"

It was all said and done so rapidly that the young artist scarcely knew what had happened. He hastened to the side of the frightened girl, and with some difficulty wrenched her garments from the old man's grasp.

"Don't be alarmed," he said hastily, "he is but a harmless lunatic. Come, our presence seems to irritate him; we will depart."

Believing he spoke truly, the young girl followed the artist from the room, though somewhat reluctantly. The old man, still seated upon the floor, dropped his head in his hands and wept like a child. He rocked to and fro, wildly stretching forth his hands, then lay upon the floor moaning and sobbing bitterly. Again he rose, looked upon the serene, unaltered face of the goddess, and, with a heart-rending cry of "Not yet!" fell senseless upon the hard, cold floor.

In the meantime, the artist and his companion were hastening homeward. "We return this evening to the Louvre, do we not?" asked the latter.

"Yes, and we can drop in to see how the old man is progressing. The officer I spoke to as we came out said he would see to him. This is the first time in twenty years he has ever spoken to aught, save the statue. Odd fellow, isn't he? How would he do for Dante, and the Venus for Beatrice?"

"Not at all," answered the young girl. "Dante was hardened and embittered by sorrow. This man's face has a soft and gentle expression."

"What a lasting influence a noble woman has upon a man!" exclaimed the artist, apparently heedless of his companion's answer. "Do you know, my dear," he continued, looking admiringly at her, "that I should like to copy your head and the old man's. It would make a beautiful picture, your hair is so black and glossy, his is so white and fluffy."

"Representing youth and age," laughed his companion. "But come, here we are at our hotel."

Let us follow their footsteps this evening, and move the hands of the clock to the hour of midnight. The bell of the Louvre has again warned them to depart, and the artist is again hastening down the empty hall, to join his companion in another apartment. On his way thither he passes the couch upon which the old man is reclining. He seemed asleep, and the young artist turned with one last, fond, admiring look towards the Venus de Milo. But the old man saw it.

Scorn, hatred and fiery indignation flashed from his dark, Italian eyes. His breathing became quick and short. The hands clenched tighter and tighter, until it seemed as if the bones of the knuckles would burst through the whitened skin. In his mad, jealous passion, he leaped upon his countryman, and threw him prostrate upon the ground. "Thou thief! Thou stol'st her from me twenty years ago; thou stol'st her from me yesterday, and would'st steal her from me to-day! Coward! Coward! Lie still; I would not hurt thee, lest *she* be offended. Away!" he screamed, pushing the young artist from him, "go—wait and pine, till *thy* crime be atoned for!"

With all the fierceness and brutal strength of a maniac, he jerked asunder the iron bars, crying, "Corine! Corine! Thou hast called at last!"

Several officers and the young girl hastened to the scene of confusion. The artist, uninjured, rose to his feet, and explained what had happened. When he concluded there was silence in the room, and all turned toward the picture behind the iron bars. The old man had sprung upon the pedestal, and his arms were clasping the knees of the goddess. The head was thrown back, and the eyes raised pleadingly to her face. An officer stepped forward and touched the white head. It moved not. He leaned down to listen to the throb of the heart, but it had ceased beating.

Later the artist told his companion the old man's story, and ended by wondering how he had guessed her name. "*My* name," said the young girl, "is my mother's name. Old Betsy who tended our mother from her infancy, has often told me a portion of this tale. See that the poor soul has a decent burial. It is Claudius Alonzo, my mother's first love."

TO THE VENUS DE MILO.

BY CORA E. CHASE.

Why did they call thee Venus, thou fair shape—
Goddess of Love? Is love alone so good?
I would have named thee, thou imperial thing,
Not "Love" but "Womanhood."
Surely, love lingers in thy swelling breasts,
And laughs among the ripples of thy hair;
But who, of all thy followers, dares confess
Thou art less chaste than fair?
Oh thou *art* Love and Hate and many more—
And Scorn and Pride and Faith and Unbelief—
Great faults and follies that we half adore,
And sweetest Sympathy in joy and grief!
Beneath the gracious calm of thy fair form,
A world of passions lie, of ill and good:
Not Love alone, but composite of all,
Thou marble dream of glorious womanhood.

MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

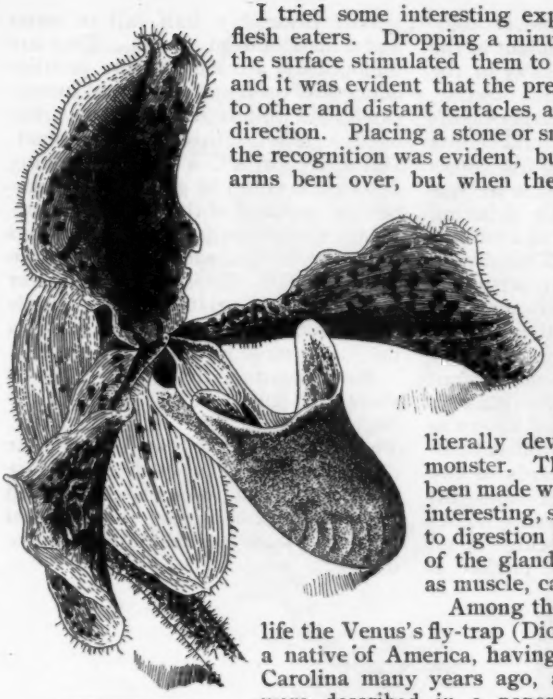
NOWHERE is the evidence of design in nature more emphatically set forth than among certain forms of plant life which, in their various functions, seem to approach so near the animal kingdom that the observer feels that here is some strange plant animal—something that might possibly form a connecting link between the animals and plants.

In a close study of these plants we see many evidences of seeming intelligence that are not found in some animals, and so remarkable are the actions of certain plants that the impression is forced upon us that we are confronted with intelligence, or something strangely akin to it. In the present paper, I wish to call attention to the group which is popularly known as carnivorous plants, or flesh eaters. A familiar example is the little drosera, so common in various portions of the country. The plant is small and inconspicuous. The first one I ever saw caught my eye by a sudden flash of fiery red light, and kneeling on the damp grass, I fairly caught the little carnivore in the act which has rendered it so famous. There were several tender, delicate stalks in the center, and around about it near the ground, four or five singular, round, pad-like objects, about the size of small buttons. These were leaves, and their upper surface was covered with reddish tentacles that stood boldly up, each bearing a delicate drop of dew that gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like a veritable garnet. Across the top of the leaves a long-legged fragile insect lay, caught but a second before and dying a most terrible death. Five or six of the hair-like tentacles were thrown across its legs and wings, holding it down and pressing its body nearer and nearer to the leaf, while other rich blood-red stalks were in all positions, bending over to encompass the victim. The sight was a horror in miniature, and reminded me of the actions of an octopus, or devil-fish, as the little cephalopod is commonly called. It has eight sucker-lined arms radiating from a small, bag-shaped body, and each arm has all the sinuosity, all the possibility of motion of a snake, ever undulating, quivering, as if with suppressed emotion, while over the entire mass, waves and varied shades of color seem to ebb and flow.

When the octopus captures its prey, its snake-like arms envelop the unfortunate, and wherever they touch they cling as in the case of the delicate tentacles of the plant, though in a different way.

It was most interesting to watch the immediate effect of irritation upon this little plant. In five or six seconds after a hair or tentacle was touched, it would bend in the direction, and soon others would deflect.

If a fly is caught, in a short time all the hairs soon turn in that direction, as though they had eyes and were seeking out the prey. Several hours are required for all the tentacles to cover the object, and then they remain until all its juices have been absorbed, when they become erect and beautiful again; a strange contrast to the reeking mass in which they have been involved, now being objects charming to the eye and attractive possibly to insect life as lures.



BUTTERFLY-PLANT.

I tried some interesting experiments with these little flesh eaters. Dropping a minute bit of fresh meat upon the surface stimulated them to almost immediate activity, and it was evident that the presence of food was imparted to other and distant tentacles, as all began to trend in that direction. Placing a stone or small pebble upon the plant, the recognition was evident, but slower; the tentacles or arms bent over, but when they discovered the mistake, that there were no choice juices to absorb, they soon withdrew and became erect.

The little plant is a living trap. The beauty of the erect tentacles attract various forms of insect life that find too late their mistake, and are held and literally devoured by this voracious monster. The experiments which have been made with this plant are extremely interesting, showing that a process akin to digestion goes on; that the secretion of the glands dissolves various objects, as muscle, cartilage, fibrin, etc.

Among the remarkable traps of plant life the Venus's fly-trap (Dionæa) is best known. It is a native of America, having been discovered in North Carolina many years ago, and when its peculiarities were described in a paper to a European scientific society, it was considered a joke. The plant is found in low, damp places, lying flat to the ground and throwing out a number of singular leaves, while from the center rises a delicate flower-stalk. Each leaf constitutes a trap—the tip end being formed of two lobes hinged in the middle and provided with objects which may well be termed teeth. When lying in wait, if we may use the term, the leaves are open and the teeth exposed. On the surface of the leaf, numbers of hair-like objects throw out a secretion which is very attractive to flies and other insects; in any event they are found flying about the tempting bait, being possibly attracted by some delicate odor, not perceptible to man. Finally a victim alights upon the surface of the trap. A second later it is crushed and held fast, and the terrible jaws do not open again until the entire animal has been absorbed.

One of the delights of the jovial, newspaper free-lance is to describe a terrible plant found in some far-away land that exists by living upon human beings. The victim is stupefied by some odor and finally entangled in the branches and devoured. A horrible and weird conception so far as it relates to man, and, of course, mere fiction, but it is interesting to note that the authors have in most instances simply substituted a man for a fly, and described the actual horrors of death from the standpoint of some of the plant traps.

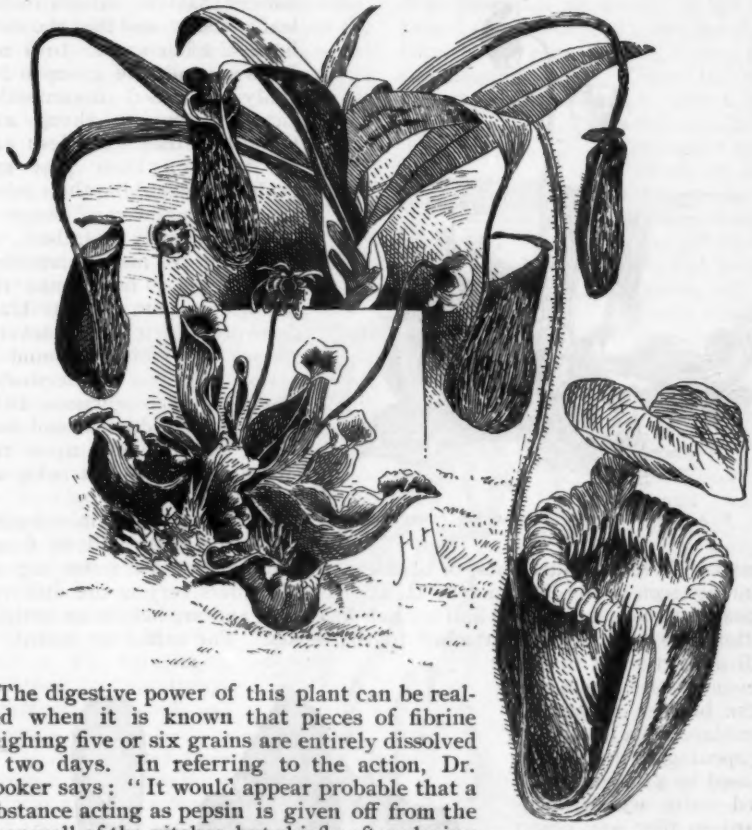
Plants as traps are well represented in the curious pitcher-plants that not only devour their living prey, but entice it in various ways. The odor of many of these is not particularly pleasant, but it evidently exercises a subtle charm over various forms of insect life. The pitcher-plants attract attention at once by their remarkable appearance. As their name suggests, they are

pitcher-like growths capable of holding water, and hanging pendant at the end of a leaf, they often sway in the wind, attractive and graceful objects.

Some of the tropical pitcher-plants hold half a pint of liquid, and Alfred Wallace mentions in one of his works that upon a certain occasion he was obliged to resort to them for drinking water, finding it very clear and refreshing, although it was half filled with insects. In Borneo the pitcher-plants attain marvelous perfection and size—their beautiful and artistic forms hanging from the foliage in every direction. One found on the summit of the Kini-balou, a lofty peak in North Western Borneo, and known as Nepenthes rajah, is a magnificent natural vessel holding upwards of two quarts of water. Another from this country has a pitcher twenty inches long, the plant alone being about twenty feet long. The pitcher is almost invariably half full of water and a mass of dead insects. They are undoubtedly attracted by the peculiar odor, are overcome by it and intoxicated, and drop in to become absorbed or digested by this singular plant. Did space permit, a most interesting description could be given of the number and position of the peculiar honey-glands that constitute the attractions or lures to the various insects. In one form Dr. Hooker counted over 3,000 of these glands on a single square inch of surface, which means a million or more for the entire plant.

Experiments with the pitcher-plants show that they are sensitive to the introduction of food or other matter. Thus if a stone or some inorganic object is introduced there is no response of secretion, but an increase is noticed immediately when meat, the white of an egg or some animal matter is introduced.

VENUS'S FLY-TRAP. DIONÆA MUSCIPULA.



PITCHERS OF NEPENTHES CHELSONI.

The digestive power of this plant can be realized when it is known that pieces of fibrine weighing five or six grains are entirely dissolved in two days. In referring to the action, Dr. Hooker says: "It would appear probable that a substance acting as pepsin is given off from the inner wall of the pitcher, but chiefly after placing animal matter in the acid fluid; but whether this active agent flows from the glands or from some tissue in which they are imbedded, I have no evidence to show."

The pitcher-plants, from their variety and the ease with which foreign species are kept in the hothouse, are among the most interesting forms to study, and, while their life histories are well known, there is still a wide field for research, investigation and experiment.

As a trap, a plant of the genus Apocynum is interesting. The expanded blossom presents an alluring display of honey which attracts flies and insects of various kinds. The moment the tongue of the fly touches the plant and begins sucking its sweets it is lost; it is held firmly by the plant, struggling the while to escape, but finally falls exhausted and drops among the score of other victims.

The pitcher-plants and others referred to are the giants of the plant carnivora, but there are many others much smaller and equally interesting. The common Butterwort (Pinguicula) is a familiar example. It is inconspicuous, attracting attention principally by the long slender stalk it throws up, the leaves being a green cluster about an inch and a half in length. In watching the plant one

N. A. PITCHER-PLANT. SARRACENIA PURPUREA.

not.ces that the surface of the leaf is sticky, and that the sides have a tendency to turn up. Darwin made the group a life study, recorded innumerable facts relating to them, and found that they were flesh eaters trapping their prey and evidently absorbing their juices after the manner of many of those previously described.

Among the most interesting of what may be termed the minor carnivora are the bladder-worts (Utricularia), several species of which are found in various portions of the world. They are inconspicuous little plants loving ditches and foul pools and growing upon the surface, the roots not being attached.

If the plant is examined carefully, the roots will be found covered with curious little sacs, or bladders, resembling the skin water-bags so commonly seen in the East and in India. The bladders vary in the different species from one-tenth to one-half an inch in length, and are held in an upright position by a delicate stem attached to the center. The orifice or mouth is small and guarded by six or seven bristles, which give to the bladder a striking resemblance to a water-flea. The opening to the bladder is closed by a delicately adjusted valve which opens inward so that any object once gaining admission is a prisoner. The common American species, U. clandestina, affords a most interesting object to study. The bladders are beautiful and attractive objects, often of a rich amber hue, and when placed under the glass innumerable tragedies may be watched. The bladders are so many traps that in some way lure prey of all kinds — cyclops, daphnia, cypris, water-bears and various creatures. Through the glass they can be seen darting about their prison,

GIGANTIC PITCHER-PLANT NEPENTHES RAJAH.

examining it carefully over and over, and it would appear that possibly the vicinity of the trap had some especial attraction. As the little creatures strike against it the valve gives quickly and Daphina is within — the valve springing back, never to be opened from the inner side. Around the prison the little creature dashes, inspecting the delights of this mysterious dwelling, but it is not long before some subtle influence is felt; the actions of the prisoner are not so rapid, then its movements cease altogether, and in a few days it will be entirely absorbed by this strange combination of trap and stomach.

SWAN-NECKED PITCHER-PLANT.

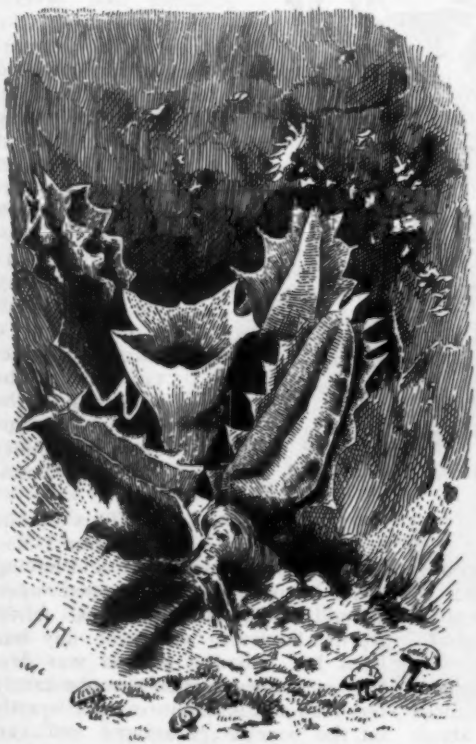
The bladders not only capture minute insects, but aspire to large game, the writer having seen young and diminutive fishes caught in them. In some instances the fish was held by the head alone, others were almost entirely encompassed, and in one plant ten of the little traps held fishes in all stages. In some, the body was almost entirely eaten, and the sight was suggestive that here was an enemy to young food fishes worthy of investigation.

An extremely interesting phenomena is that relating to the luminosity of plants. In the many cases observed the light is of several different kinds; one of the most interesting instances is the strange gleam often seen about yellow flowers. Dr. Lankester thus describes such an event: "We witnessed (June 10, 1858) this evening a little before nine o'clock, a very curious phenomenon. There are three scarlet verbenas, each about nine inches high and about a foot apart, planted in front of the greenhouse. As I was standing a few yards from them and looking at them, my attention was arrested by faint flashes of light passing backwards and forwards from one plant to another. I immediately called the gardener and several members of my family, who all witnessed the extraordinary sight which lasted for about a quarter of an hour, gradually becoming fainter and fainter till at last it ceased altogether. There was a smoky appearance after each flash, which we all particularly remarked. The ground under the plants was very dry, the air was sultry, and seemed charged with electricity. The flashes had the exact appearance of summer lightning in miniature.

"This was the first time I had seen anything of the kind, and having never heard of any such appearances, I could hardly believe my eyes. Afterwards, however, when the day had been hot and the ground was dry, the same phenomenon was constantly observed at about sunset, and equally on the scarlet geraniums and verbenas."

Flashes and gleams have been seen about many flowers; those with yellow tints being especially favored in this respect. The sun-flower is famous for its exhibitions of this kind, and the writer well remembers an old colored man in a certain town in Virginia who was supposed by some of his neighbors to possess some secret power, as it had been discovered that strange lights played about the great flowers that made up the old man's "grove." He had been found standing bare-headed among the plants after nightfall watching the flashes play about the petals of the flowers, and there was no doubt in the minds of his superstitious friends but that he had "conjured up" the display.

Gœthe thus refers to an exhibition of the luminosity of plants: "On the nineteenth of June, 1799, late in the evening when the twilight was passing into a clear night, as I was walking up and down with a friend in the garden, we remarked very plainly about the flowers of the oriental poppy, which were distinguishable above everything else by their brilliant red, something like flame. We placed ourselves before the plant and looked steadfastly at it, but could not see the flash again, till we chanced in passing and repassing to look at it obliquely, and we could then repeat the phenomenon at pleasure. It appeared to be an optical illusion, and that the apparent flash of light was merely the spectral representation of the blossoms of a blue green."



THE CACTUS PITCHER.

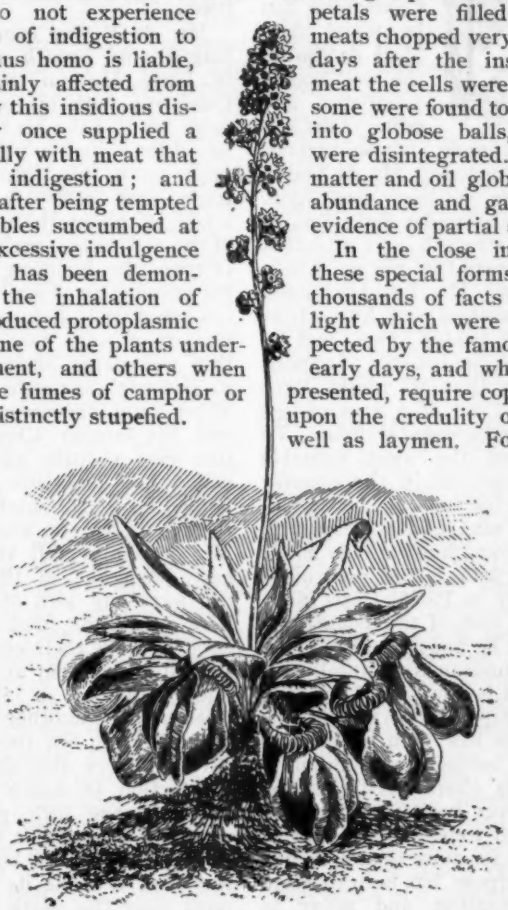
It is not possible within the limits of a magazine article to more than touch upon a few of the important varieties of insectivorous plants. Some allusion, however, should be made to the pitcher of the Sierras—Darlingtonia californica. This genus of which one species only has been discovered, is regarded by many as one of the most beautiful varieties, and certainly for exceeding grace and color it can hardly be surpassed. The Darlingtonia is found in the marshes near Mt. Shasta, at a height of from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above sea-level. The flower-bearing stems rise from clusters of radical leaves, the real lure being found in its queer, swallow-shaped appendages, whose inner surfaces possess honey-secreting glands. A distinguishing characteristic of this plant is that its efforts are confined more particularly to the entrapping of flying insects, instead of those that crawl and which are the prey of most carnivorous plants.

Upon examining a flowering specimen of the Darlingtonia, Hooker, in an address before the British Association in 1874,

said: "I find it conceivable that this marvelous plant lures insects to its flower and feeds them while it uses them to fertilize itself, and when this is accomplished, its benefactors are thereafter lured to its pitchers for the sake of feeding itself."

A curious fact regarding many of the plants under consideration is that while they do not experience all the throes of indigestion to which the genus homo is liable, they are certainly affected from overfeeding by this insidious disease. Lindsay once supplied a plant so liberally with meat that it died from indigestion; and another plant after being tempted by various edibles succumbed at last through excessive indulgence in cheese. It has been demonstrated that the inhalation of intoxicants produced protoplasmic changes in some of the plants undergoing experiment, and others when dosed with the fumes of camphor or alcohol were distinctly stupefied.

Supplementary to what has been said regarding the real carnivores, it is interesting to note some recent investigations with the Christmas rose (Helleborus niger) by Dr. Maxwell Masters. Dr. Masters, while inclining to the belief that the flower is a fly-catcher or modest attainments, proves conclusively that it is at least capable of assimilating food. The true petals of the Hellebore are those peculiar green horns or tubes which secrete a honeyed juice and are met with in one of the rows surrounding the stamens. Dr. Master's first inference that the main object of this secretion was to serve as an attraction to insects to visit the flowers and transfer the pollen from one flower to another was supplemented by some interesting experiments. The tubular petals were filled with cooked meats chopped very fine. Several days after the insertion of the meat the cells were examined and some were found to be compressed into globose balls, while others were disintegrated. Granular matter and oil globules existed in abundance and gave undisputed evidence of partial solution.

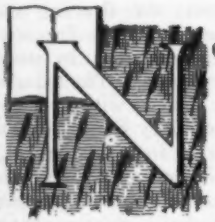


AUSTRALIAN PITCHER-PLANT. CEPHALOTUS FOLLICULARIS.

In the close investigation of these special forms of plant life, thousands of facts are brought to light which were totally unsuspected by the famous botanist of early days, and which, when first presented, require copious draughts upon the credulity of scientists as well as laymen. For many years Linnæus regarded the pitchers of Sarracenia as a provision of nature for the water-supply of birds, while Catesby insisted that they were harbors of refuge for insects when pursued by some implacable enemy. Other eminent botanists have entertained similar illusions, and it is only of late that the true functions of these curious plants have been elucidated. The most remarkable discoveries, in all probability, are yet to be made.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CALIFORNIAN.

BY HARLAN M. BRAINARD.



O better type of the energetic Californian can be found than M. H. de Young, the well-known proprietor and editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, whose portrait accompanies this paper. Mr. de Young belongs to the younger generation, because he is still under forty-five, in the prime of strength, and with that faith in the future that the older man seldom retains. He has practically made his reputation and his fortune within the last twelve years, and he has made both in the face of opposition so bitter that it would have taken the heart out of a man of less courage, persistence and stamina. To develop one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the country in a single decade can only be accomplished by a man of large capacity, and Mr. de Young has not only made his newspaper known and recognized as an authority on Pacific Coast interests from one end of the country to the other, but he has made it so indispensable to thousands of intelligent readers that it is now one of the best paying newspaper properties in the country. This has been effected by the union of boldness and conservatism, which is characteristic of the man. He never hesitates to attack monopoly or to expose fraud, but at the same time for more than a decade his ruling purpose has been to avoid mere sensationalism and never to print anything without making every effort to secure accuracy. This purpose, consistently carried out, has brought its own reward, and despite the most venomous hostility Mr. de Young has steadily advanced in public appreciation, and has been rewarded with many positions of honor and trust.

Mr. de Young comes of good old English and French stock. Born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1848, he came to California with his parents when a mere boy. Like his brother Charles, he always had a passion for newspaper work. He learned the printer's trade, and before he was sixteen knew all about the mechanical work of the newspaper, such as the setting of type, the handling of presses and the making up of mail. No labor was too great if it helped to make him master of some new department of this newspaper business, which has so powerful an attraction for him. When only seventeen years old, he and his brother Charles started in this city a little advertising sheet called the Dramatic Chronicle, intended for free circulation in the local theaters. No one who has not heard Mr. de Young tell the story of the early struggles of this little paper, can form any idea of the pluck and hard work required for these two boys to make their venture a success. Debt dogged them at every step, and often it looked as though another week or even another day would see them beaten, but they finally pulled through every difficulty, and had the satisfaction of seeing so great a demand for the little paper that they were able to make it a regular daily newspaper. It was bold, active, fearless, and it made its way, but never until after the death of the younger brother was it an assured financial success. Those were dark days after the death of Charles de Young, but in this crisis in the life of the newspaper he had worked fifteen years to establish, M. H. de Young put forth all his

energies, and the result surpassed even his most sanguine anticipations. Few newspapers in this country can show such remarkable strides as the Chronicle made from 1880 to 1885. It advanced by leaps and bounds. It penetrated every part of this western coast, and it was read by the mine manager in Nevada, and the rancher in Arizona—who received it two days after it was printed—with the same interest as by the city merchant and professional man who get it fresh from the press. For twelve years Mr. de Young has been its sole proprietor and editor, and has brought the paper to its present wonderfully successful issue. The great secret of his success is that he has always taken the part of the people against the big corporations, and has never failed to get in and fight for any one who was unjustly used. This course has raised up for him many lively enemies, but it has brought him more friends. Even the men whom he has attacked most bitterly, and who have suffered most under these onslaughts, respect his motives and admire his courage. His knowledge of newspaper work is probably more complete and accurate than that of any man in charge of a great daily newspaper in this country, for he knows intimately every detail of the business by practical experience. He is in close touch with all departments, and nothing escapes his searching scrutiny. Though he believes, as Napoleon did, in the virtue of keeping every one on the *qui vive*, yet it can be said for him that he is free from the caprice that leads to frequent changes in so many newspaper offices. When he is satisfied with a man's honesty and efficiency, that man is assured of his place, and the result is that every head of a department on the Chronicle has occupied his desk for more than twelve years.

For many years Mr. de Young has been full of faith in the future of San Francisco, and through his newspaper, as well as in business ventures, he has demonstrated this confidence in the city's growth. He was among the first to appreciate the value of outside lands, and he bought acres south of the park, which he has since subdivided into building lots. He was the pioneer in the construction of lofty, fire-proof office buildings in this city, in the face of Silurian predictions that buildings such as adorn Chicago and New York would not resist our earthquakes. His demonstration that even a heavy earthquake has no effect on modern construction resulted in the erection of the Crocker and the Mills buildings, which are genuine additions to the architecture of the city. In line with his work in erecting a fire-proof, earthquake-proof building, he has advocated the proper paving of San Francisco streets and the reform of the whole system of sewerage. The good that he has done in overcoming prejudice against the asphaltum pavement is incalculable, for nothing impresses so unfavorably the prospective investor in San Francisco as our wretched street pavements.

With the same energy he has shown in municipal improvements, Mr. de Young entered upon the work of securing California proper representation at the Chicago World's Fair. He made a careful study of the great exposition at Paris, and when he was selected as Commissioner for California he was fully prepared to make valuable suggestions. It was due to his efforts that the Horticultural Department was kept distinct from the Agricultural, thus insuring California prominence for her most attractive products. Mr. de Young's work at the preliminary meetings was recognized by his appointment as Vice-President, and one of the twelve members of the Board of Control. His suggestion of a souvenir coin promises to be of the greatest value to the financial success of the fair. Mr. de Young was a contributor to the first number of the CALIFORNIAN, and his papers in other magazines, as well, show that he combines literary skill with the executive ability.

A feature of the CALIFORNIAN has been a series of articles on political and economic questions of the day, which have attracted widespread attention, and have been commented upon by the press of the entire country as being of singular ability. The articles were from the pen of Richard H. McDonald, Jr., one of the leading bankers of San Francisco.

To which class of men—that of self-made men who have raised themselves from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame, or that class of those who, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which riches can supply, have chosen the stony path of a laborious life instead of one of ease and self-indulgence—to which of these two classes the greater merit is due is a question not easy to answer. The indomitable will and steadfastness of purpose displayed by the one class is fairly balanced by the self-denial and determination practiced by the other. Whether the energetic pursuit of prominence and prosperity under difficulties that appall weak minds is more worthy of admiration than resisting the alluring temptations that the possession of wealth holds out, and adopting a life of usefulness to one's fellow sojourners in this world of toil and struggle, is an anthropological problem hard to solve.

Of the latter class Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, is a typical representative. Descended from a remote ancestor who, centuries ago was Scotch lord of the Isles, the son of an honored pioneer and wealthy banker, there was every inducement and every opportunity for him to choose a life of ease and luxury. But the young man had different aspirations. To devote himself to benefiting his fellow-beings, to aid others in the battle of life, and for that purpose to acquire a correct insight into the intricate operations of business, in its numerous branches, and a knowledge of finance both theoretical and practical—these were the objects of his youthful ambition. To be the proud owner of a fast race-horse ; *monstrari digitu* as a conspicuous leader in the social world ; to sail round the globe in a hundred thousand dollar yacht, and such like features of fame had no attraction for his well-balanced mind. From early childhood he displayed an extraordinary desire for knowledge, and the educational course which he went through prominently points to his insatiability and the persistence with which he pursued his purpose.

In 1861 the boy was taken to New York, where the serious part of his education may be said to have begun. He was not ten years of age, but his love of study, his unflagging zeal and eagerness to improve were such that his wise father, anxious to give him the benefit of as liberal an education as money could procure, sent him to Germany, where he was matriculated in 1878 at the celebrated University of Jena. His vacations were spent in traveling and studying the social conditions of European people, in analyzing different forms of government, and making copious notes on political questions of the day. On his return to his native land he entered Yale College, and graduated thence with honor in 1881 as Bachelor of Arts. It might be supposed that young McDonald would now have been satisfied with the amount of study he had accomplished and the university honors which he had obtained. Such was not the case ; in the following year he entered the senior class at Harvard, and graduated with additional honors.

And now Mr. McDonald entered upon the practical path of life. His education, so far as collegiate courses were concerned, was complete. His future education took a different direction.

With splendid abilities, with a mind well stored with other than mere academic wisdom, gained by close observation practiced during his travels at home and abroad, he was in every respect prepared to enter the

career of life which he had chosen—that of a banker and financier. He did not, however, jump into a high position which the influence of his father as President of the Pacific Bank might have secured for him had he so wished. The young man was too conscientious, too earnest, to entertain such a desire. He knew well that for the thorough understanding of banking every detail of the business must be learned by practical experience, and the first step which he took toward the honorable position of Vice-President of the bank which he now occupies was on the lowest round of the ladder. His earnestness in his work, his unremitting application, and the intuitive readiness with which his highly-gifted and well-balanced mind grasped the intricacies of the business did not fail to raise him to a position which few men attain at his age. Every department of the institution was passed through in turn; over every desk in the establishment he has bent his well-shaped head, and a thorough knowledge of the routine and working of every branch was acquired by him step by step. During this course of practical education, Mr. McDonald developed such financial talent that it is not surprising to find him elected in due time Vice-President of the bank, a position which entails most of the arduous duties of management and development. He is now the active spirit of the institution, and has been greatly instrumental in raising it to its present high place in the banking world.

Mr. McDonald is not yet forty years old, but he looks much younger than most men of that age. Possessed of a good constitution, and soundness of health, which has been promoted by strict temperance and the avoidance of every form of dissipation, of a bodily vigor and a power of endurance which no mental labor can weaken, Mr. McDonald is one of the hardest workers of the present day; and we may safely predict will continue to be such for very many years to come. Long after banking hours his private office is open to business men who resort thither to consult with him or seek his advice; and when the day's work is done his night work is taken up—for he still pursues his studies and is constantly increasing his fund of learning. He will not let the education received in youth run to weeds in his mature manhood.

Those who know him, or have even seen him once, usually recognize in the broad forehead, in the firm contour of mouth and chin, in the expression of resolution and self-reliance which the whole countenance wears, and in the steadfastness of purpose proclaimed in his dark eyes, the strength of character which he possesses, and the mental power which has enabled him to accomplish so much.

Mr. McDonald has dedicated himself uncompromisingly to work. Development and the welfare of the community are the aims of his life. And so, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year he ceaselessly labors in the cause of duty, his thoughts upon the grave questions finding expression in the CALIFORNIAN and various other publications of the country.

Among the distinguished contributors to the CALIFORNIAN none is better known in the world of letters and thought than Dr. Elliott Coues, whose papers on psychical matters in the CALIFORNIAN have attracted widespread attention. As scientist and philosopher Dr. Coues occupies an exceptional position among the prominent learned men of this country. To be both famous in physical science and acquire distinction as an investigator of the psychical phenomena are achievements attained by few men. Yet Dr. Coues has accomplished both of these objects. His exposition in the September number of the CALIFORNIAN of the impositions practiced upon the public by the so-called spirit photographers is an illustration of this closeness of observation, and the imperviousness to imposture with which the

activity and analytical power of his mind have protected him from the weakness of credulity. Dr. Coues and the late Robert Dale Owen may be regarded as antipodes with regard to psychical investigation. Cæsar said that man is apt to believe in that which is in accord with his own wishes, and this aphorism represents exactly the position of Robert Dale Owen, and the converse side of Elliott Coues' procedure in matters connected with spiritualism. The latter has never allowed his wish to become father to his faith.

Dr. Coues may be regarded as one of the closest researchers of modern days, and it is not derogatory to the credit due him for his untiring industry and aptitude for research that he derived these qualities from his father, Samuel Elliott Coues, who was the author of several scientific works on physics, astronomy and geology. Dr. Coues is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, being born in that town September 9th, 1842. His mother's maiden name was Charlotte Haven Ladd. During his boyhood he was educated at the Jesuit Seminary that has since developed into Gonzaga College, but at the age of fifteen was removed to the Baptist College, which is now Columbian University, and graduated in 1861 in the Academic department, and in 1863 in the National Medical College in Washington.

While still at college young Coues displayed an enthusiastic love of natural history, ornithology being the particular branch to which he then devoted himself, and before taking his degree he was sent to Labrador by the Smithsonian Institution to collect birds in that region. It should be mentioned that in 1853 Coues' family moved to Washington, in which city he has resided ever since, except during periods when he was absent on service as an army officer or engaged in some scientific expedition.

As soon as he had taken his medical degree he received an appointment for one year as Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., and at the age of twenty-one passed the examination for the Medical Corps of the army. At the age of twenty-two he received his commission and was thereupon ordered to Arizona. During the next ten years of service in different places as Post Surgeon he utilized all his spare time in the study of the natural history of the regions to which he was sent. Arizona, North and South Carolina and Dakota became each in turn a field for his investigations. While stationed at Fort Randall, Dakota, in 1873, he received the appointment of Surgeon and Naturalist of the United States Northern Boundary Commission engaged in surveying the line on the forty-ninth parallel from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. On the completion of the boundary survey Dr. Coues was made Secretary and Naturalist of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, and edited all the publications of that survey during the years 1876 to 1880, besides publishing several volumes of his own. It was at this time that he projected a universal Bibliography of Ornithology, and several installments of the work published by him attracted such attention in England that he received an invitation from Darwin, Huxley and nearly fifty other leading British scientists to take up his residence in London and connect himself with the British Museum.

While thus at the height of his reputation, while pursuing scientific researches and literary labors which were recognized and appreciated by the most prominent scientists in the Old World, Dr. Coues was suddenly ordered to routine medical duty in Arizona. The practice of his profession had never had much interest for him, and he found it unbearable after so long a period passed in the pursuit of his favorite studies. No notice being taken of his protests he returned to Washington and sent in his resignation.

From early manhood Professor

M. H. DE YOUNG.

Coues has been identified with the Smithsonian Institution, and by invitation of Professor S. F. Baird had long held an unsalaried office in the Institution. In 1877 he was elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and in the same year was appointed the Chair of Anatomy of the National Medical College in Washington. When, therefore, the doctor resigned his position in the army, he reassumed his desk at the Smithsonian and his chair at the college; and from that time onward he studied and labored in those fields of science in which his soul so loves to roam.

About fifteen years ago, during the most active period of his intellectual energy, his mind seems to have not rested satisfied with physical science and the materialistic school of thought to which it had adapted itself, and Dr. Coues began to apply himself to psychical investigations, with the object of seeking, by the application of the principles of evolution, an explanation of the biological phenomena of hypnotism, clairvoyance, telepathy and other such like mysterious exhibitions of obscure operations of the mind. In 1883 his researches found expression in an address delivered before the Philosophical Society of Washington, and published afterward under the title of Biogen: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. In the following year the professor visited England and became a member of the British Society for Psychical Research. His sojourn in that country seems to have confirmed him in his new line of thought, and he continued his study of spiritualism and other psychic phenomena with a persistency and success which neither ridicule nor the organized opposition of conservative science could suppress. He was alike impervious to criticism and denunciation. When it was found that his views with regard to the application of scientific methods to the investigation of spiritualism were regarded with respect in Europe by the most distinguished thinkers, his new departure ceased to be a laughing stock.

Prof. Coues is in the very prime of his intellectual life, and being gifted by nature with a strong and healthy body, capable of great physical endurance, all his hard work and literary labors have left no trace of either mental or bodily exhaustion. Tall and well formed, he is still erect and vigorous under his half century of years. With his fine-cut, classic features, his ample forehead, and steadfast eye, his air and expression are pre-eminently those of a scholar. In private life the professor is unassuming and accessible, and his readiness to impart what he knows to others marks a prominent trait in his character, while the intensity of his honesty and love of truth is such that it occasionally impels him to a frankness of speech which is not agreeable to those who do not understand him.

Among the numerous works of which he is the author, mention should be made of his Birds of the Northwest, published in 1874; Fur-bearing Animals, in 1877; Monographs of the Rodentia (with Professor J. A. Allen) in 1877; Birds of the Colorado Valley, in 1878; and two volumes entitled New England Bird-Life, published in 1881. During the progress of the great Century Dictionary of the English Language, Prof. Coues was one of the corps of experts having charge of the important scientific branches of general biology, zoology and comparative anatomy.

No contributor to the CALIFORNIAN is better or more widely known than Ex-Governor Lionel Allen Sheldon, whose biographical papers and those on economic questions have shown him to be in touch with the thought of the day.

Teacher, lawyer, politician, soldier, Congressman, Governor, writer, Ex-Governor Sheldon offers in the vicissitudes of his varied life, a fair illustration of that quality of versatility in mental make-up which enables the typical American to adapt himself to

RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

all circumstances and conditions of life. Every one of those vocations he has filled to his credit and renown.

Though born in Oswego County, N. Y., August 30, 1829, he was brought up on a farm in Ohio, and the manual labor and outdoor exercise to which he was accustomed during the earlier years of his life doubtless had their effect on his physical development, and built up that strong constitution which enabled him successfully to undergo the hardships and suffering to which he was exposed at a later period. But young Sheldon had ambitions which extended beyond the beam of a plough, and beyond the furrows of a wheat field.

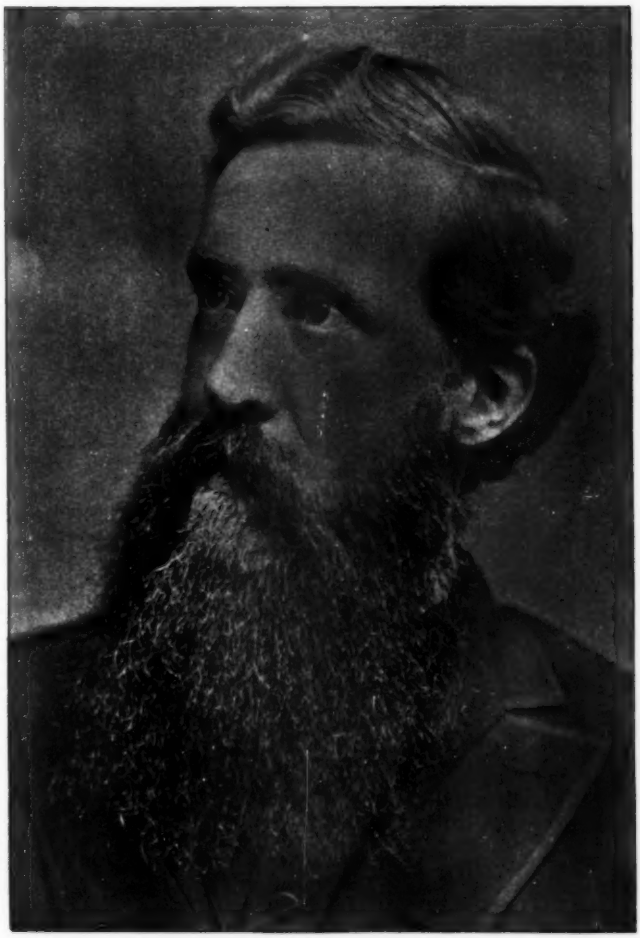
Having received a limited education at Oberlin he applied himself to tuition, and pursued the vocation of teacher for several years. During that period, however, he did not relax his studies, and as soon as his means allowed he attended the law school in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., being admitted to the bar in 1851, when he was barely twenty-two years of age. Selecting Elyria, Ohio, as the field for his future practice he settled there, and so successful an advocate did he prove himself, and so highly was his knowledge of law appreciated, that he was appointed judge of probate, serving in that capacity during one term. He next appeared in the role of a politician, and supported John C. Fremont for the Presidential nomination at the Philadelphia Republican Convention in 1856. But the time was approaching when his peaceful but busy career would be interrupted; when he would throw down the lawyer's pen and grasp the soldier's sword in support of the national integrity.

In 1860 Mr. Sheldon was commissioned Brigadier-General of militia, and as soon as the civil war broke out, was actively engaged in raising recruits for the army of the north. But he was not one of those men who are ready and willing to let others fight for principles which they themselves aid and promote outside the field of strife, but flinch from supporting on battle grounds. In August, 1861, he eagerly accepted a captaincy of cavalry, and from that date until the close of the war his promotion was rapid and steady. In 1862 he had already reached the rank of colonel, and in command of the Forty-second Ohio infantry led that regiment in all its movements in West Virginia, Kentucky and Eastern Tennessee.

To give only a portion of the details of his four years' service during that fratricidal struggle would require a volume. Experiences and vicissitudes similar to those which he underwent were undergone by many others who served during the whole war and came out of it alive. They can testify to the privations and suffering that had to be borne with fortitude; to the power of endurance and strong vitality that alone enabled them to survive the hardships of successive campaigns and resist the insidious attacks of disease; they can bear witness, also, to the calm courage, the presence of mind and indifference to wounds and death that commanding officers displayed on those dreadful battle-fields, when victory herself would long hesitate to award the crown. Such an officer was Ex-Governor Sheldon. Devoted to the cause, he served all through the war with unflagging enthusiasm and unshaken faith; his powerful frame, vigorous health and high grade intrepidity supporting him under all trials.

In November of the last named year we find Colonel Sheldon in command of a brigade which participated in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post, and in the following year at the head of a brigade of the 13th army corps. At Fort Gibson Sheldon was wounded, but that did not damp his ardor. On his recovery he again took the field, was present at the capture of Vicksburg, and finally, in March, 1865, was brevetted Brigadier-General of volunteers.

After the disbandment of that vast



DR. ELLIOTT COUES.

army of volunteers which the magnitude of the contest had called into the field, General Sheldon settled in New Orleans and resumed the practice of his profession. His success was as pronounced in that city of the South as it had been near the shore of Lake Erie. At the age of forty he was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket, and during his service from 1869 to 1875 was chairman of the committee on militia. After the expiration of his term he returned to his professional duties, but always found time to enrich his mind by reading works of high standard and by making deep political questions his study.

Sheldon's services, both in the hard fought field and in the legislature were not forgotten nor were his abilities ignored. In 1881, President Grant appointed him governor of New Mexico, which office he filled with honor to himself and benefit to the

community until 1885. During the period 1865–7 Governor Sheldon was receiver of the Texas and Pacific railroad.

Ex-Governor Sheldon is still stalwart, hearty and active with all his sixty-three years of age, and as you regard the healthy complexion of his face you find it hard to realize that he has passed through such extraordinary hardships. It remains to make mention of the more pleasant occupation of his later years. He is a reader, student and writer. As a contributor to the Arena he has brought his name well before the public, and we hope before long to be perusing his Life of Garfield, which is a labor of love. No one is better able to produce a more truthful and reliable biography of our second murdered president than Governor Sheldon. As lieutenant-colonel he served under Garfield during the war, and for many years was on those terms of friendship and social intimacy with him which afford an insight into traits of character and an examination of mainsprings of action that cannot be obtained from the standpoints of public life. Governor Sheldon's late articles on Garfield published in the CALIFORNIAN serve as an assurance that he will do his work well.

THE LAND OF THE MOON.

BY DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

IT is at Seattle that one takes the train for Snoqualmie — the Land of the Moon.

The little station is a queer sort of place down on the river-front, where one rubs up against well-groomed tourists, groups of emigrants with their multifarious household effects and shiny, well-stuffed leather grip-sacks, loggers and miners with huge rolls of gay colored blankets, the ever present siwash with his faithful consort, and a half-dozen freckled-faced newsboys lustily crying the daily papers.

Slowly, very slowly, the train moves away from the station, and one realizes something of the extent of area comprised within the "Queen City." Business houses and hotels are gradually left behind, and we pass rows upon rows of shacks on the water-front, many of which are perched on high trestles, while others are cubby-holed on the opposite banks in apparently inaccessible places. Wharves and shipping soon disappear, and we catch a glimpse of "Queen Anne town," with its handsome and sightly residences.

Now a fine and unobstructed view of the sound is secured, with its flitting boats and seagulls, its distant headlands veiled in blue, and the Olympic mountains far beyond with their icy tops glistening in the sunshine. Then the train darts inland among the pines, at one time innocently coquetting with the sparkling waters of Lakes Union and Washington and anon, boldly hugging their very shores. Extensive sawmills and brickyards on the lakes' borders pro-

claim the onward march of large business interests.

Very soon the Snohomish slough is crossed, and there is only time to see the funny, little, pale green Samamish hotel, when we are whisked off to Snohomish junction, from which a branch road leads out to the town proper. Here a clearing has been made by fire. Flocks of sheep are feeding among the burnt logs and huge stumps of trees forming a picture in black and white of weird and startling effect. Just beyond, a level valley stretches in every direction, which, when cleared will make a section of great beauty as well as material value. Occasionally we come across bits of pasture-lands which are green and gay with grass and wild flowers, and with the grazing cattle are reminiscent of far-away New England.

Now we have reached Squak Lake which the track borders for fifteen miles or more. There are sawmills on all sides of the lake, and a little steam-launch is puffing away vigorously, while quantities of duck float gracefully or fly clumsily on and about the water.

The country gradually assumes a more mountainous aspect and evidences of a coal region abound. The town of Gilman lies in a broad valley with farms and hop ranches, and a railway leads to extensive coal and iron mines. The track is on an upgrade now, and winds around tall firs on the one side, while on the other, many feet below us, there are fire-blackened gulleys through which foaming streams rush headlong. We pass numerous logging camps whose occupants have long since moved on into the farther interior, and acres of burned trees, many of which are still standing in silent protest against the inroads of civilization, and, as they rise far above the new undergrowth, resemble a forest of huge, black bean-poles.

SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WASHINGTON.

A little farther on there is a curious swampy region, the trees of which are mantled from root to topmost branch in bright green moss, and the effect is fantastic in the extreme. At each ascent the interstices between the trees reveal a more extended view of the adjacent country. At the little town of Falls City a view of the snow-covered mountains of the Cascade range bursts upon us in great beauty and startling nearness. Here, also, an unobstructed view of the country is obtained, and the Snoqualmie River

can be traced in its tortuous course for a long distance with its refreshing, green banks from which blue smoke rises occasionally, revealing the home of some favored settler.

Then the train suddenly plunges through a narrow cut in the rocks which forms a gateway to the Land of the Moon.

We alight near the head of the Snoqualmie Falls, and peer over the wet rocks into the seething, foaming mass of water. It is a charming spot with its rainbow and evanescent play of color, while the sound of the rushing water—somewhat overpowering at first—gradually benumbs the senses until it falls upon the ear like the dull droning of myriads of insects.

But the enthusiast will not spend much time in dreaming. A couple of rods back along the track, a gate stands at the head of what appears to be an interminable flight of steps. Once inside, you draw a long breath and glare down a perpendicular height of 300 feet or more. The view "cross country" is superb. A vast forest stretches before us for miles upon miles; the giant firs look like low undergrowth, and the Snoqualmie River becomes a mere thread in the landscape. We begin our slow descent, pausing at intervals to look at the falls as fresher beauties are revealed. The rectangular flight of steps ends abruptly, and then the real scramble ensues. Although suddenly enveloped in an almost impenetrable veil of mist, one must needs bolt under or leap over huge, fallen logs, and with varied mishaps clamber down the slippery path. Finally we strike bottom, and, upon glancing upward, find ourselves in full view of the falls.

The river above, which has been inundated with contributions of melted snow from the surrounding mountains, makes it leap with tremendous force and in a mass of foam which glistens in the sunlight in purest white, except where its shadows—if so pure a thing can be said to have shadows—are of an exquisite green. The glittering spray and the dual rainbows are wondrously beautiful. Huge rocks of brown and red and green, which abound on either side, make a rich setting for the sparkling gem; above, on the highest ledges dark green firs stand out bold and beautiful against the white and blue sky.

Hours may be spent in this one of many of nature's fairy lands, but there is the upward march to be achieved and it is no easy task to mount the long stairway, Much to our relief we discover that the train has gone on to the town, for it is indeed a privilege to walk up the track through the silent woods. On either side there are wild flowers in great abundance—yellow and white lilies abounding—and far ahead, beyond the pines and cedars which have turned to brown and purple in the soft atmosphere, are the mountains of the Cascades in deepest blue.

A half mile or so back of Snoqualmie—a small town with large possibilities—lies a hop ranch which is said to be the largest individual industry of its kind in America. It consists of 320 acres, from which nearly 300 tons of hops are gathered annually, and in the picking season a thousand men—many of whom are Indians—are employed. Some forty or fifty Indian girls were at work grubbing. They are a jolly set, these young Chinooks, and their gay laughter is often heard ringing out across the fields. Their bright colored dresses and head-kerchiefs of red and yellow are wonderfully picturesque in the sunlight, and as the nimble creatures dart in and out among the hop poles, the effect is a brilliant kaleidoscope of color.

The location of the hop ranch is very delightful. It lies on a plateau as level as a billiard table, and is hemmed in on every side, apparently, with snow-covered mountains, reminding one of "Rasselas" and the "Happy Valley." If the hop fields are attractive in the early spring, what can be said of them when they are

arrayed in living green, when, wet with the morning dew, they sparkle in the snow like fields of diamonds, or in the pale light of the moon become waxen and spectral!

"Uncle Si," that prodigiously cragged mountain three miles away, containing vast mineral deposits, fairly glows with color, and Curley mountain, fifteen miles distant, marks the location of the Snoqualmie pass.

There is a fine hotel near the ranch and one might go miles in search of a more charming spot at which to spend a season of recreation. But should you visit the Land of the Moon before the hotel is ready to receive its summer guests, your best accommodations will be found in the men's lodging house. If the food placed before you is uninviting, or the idea of sitting down to meals in company with a motley collection of Italians, Indians and Chinamen, and a dubious scattering of white folks, is not engaging, you are at least made thoroughly welcome by the jovial host, who hails from San José and has brought with him a goodly supply of native sunshine.

It is worth your while to be on the spot when Chang blows the Alpine horn, so that you may hear its echoes die away in marvelously prolonged strains. And those who insist that there are no feathered songsters in Washington should listen to the mocking-birds or thrushes as they call to each other in the early dawn, and hear the sleek, well-fed robins piping lustily in the orchards.

POETRY.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

The spirit in and forming all—
  The beauty vaguely felt by souls
  That seek the substance, more than goals
Of earth—the life our lives forestall.

A GLIMPSE OF SAN DIEGO—POINT LOMA IN THE DISTANCE.

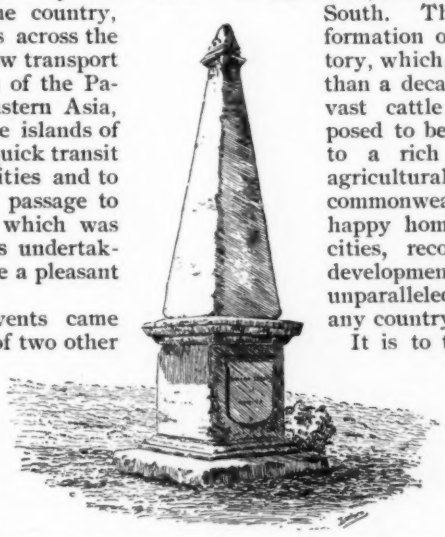
SAN DIEGO.

BY J. AUSTIN HALL.

THE occupation of the great territory of California by the people of the United States (coincident with treaty stipulations at the close of the Mexican War in 1847), and the discovery of its rich gold mines, formed a new era in the history of the world.

The receipts of gold and the establishing of a new, rich and enterprising State of the American Union on the shores of the Pacific, completely revolutionized the monetary and commercial affairs of the country, bringing railroads across the continent that now transport the rich products of the Pacific States, of Eastern Asia, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, by a quick transit to the Atlantic cities and to Europe; and the passage to China or India, which was formerly a serious undertaking, is now become a pleasant excursion.

With these events came also the carving of two other prosperous States from the territory of the great Northwest, Oregon and Washington, rising like two mighty empires with their wealth of commerce and populous cities, and the annexation of the great Territory of Alaska, with its seal fisheries, mineral treasures, inexhaustible coal fields and extensive forests, which, it is said, would cover half of Europe.



MONUMENT MARKING THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

California in size is the second largest State of the Union and is separated by a range of mountains, traversing the State from east to west, into two grand natural divisions, thus forming two distinct Californias, that of the North and that of the South. Including the peninsula of Lower California, there are in reality three Californias, the whole presenting a coast line of nearly 1,700 miles. The most conspicuous in the phenomenal development of the California of to-day and the one which, more than any other, is attracting the attention of the world, is the California of the South. The magical transformation of this great territory, which, but a little more than a decade since, was one vast cattle range and supposed to be a sterile region, to a rich and flourishing agricultural and horticultural commonwealth—to a land of happy homes and populous cities, records an era of development and prosperity unparalleled in the history of any country in the world.

It is to this southern section of the Golden State, and more especially to San Diego City—its surroundings, resources and climatic conditions that we shall devote the greater space in this paper, omitting as far as possible the dryer details of statistical and historical data and dwelling more on the actual of to-day.

Having several times visited the southern section, coming thither via the "Overland," I had on this occasion chosen the more pleasant sea

SWEETWATER DAM.

voyage from San Francisco, arriving in San Diego in that delightful season of the year when had been ushered in in all its loveliness, the semi-tropical spring of Southern California—when Nature, refreshed by winter's showers, smiled her gladness from the blossoming land.

In attempting a description of San Diego and its surroundings, we invite the reader's attention to a very wide area of country embraced within the limits of San Diego County, and comprising the most southwestern division of the United States territory. Of this area San Diego City is the capital, sitting as a celestial queen at the gates of the first safe harbor on the coast of California, which presents but one other in all its ocean front of near 1,700 miles.

The County of San Diego is bounded on the north by San Bernardino, Los Angeles and Orange Counties; on the east by Arizona, the Colorado River forming the boundary line; on the south by the Mexican territory of Lower California; on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Its area is 14,969 square miles, or more than 9,580,000 acres. This great territory is nearly as extensive as the combined territory of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware, and contains over 3,000,000 acres of land adapted to agriculture and grazing, exclusive of the Colorado Desert and mountains adjacent to it on the east. Within these boundaries are to be found characteristic features and peculiar conditions, to be met with nowhere else in the world. It would be difficult indeed to describe a country at once so large and varied in its attractions. Among its most noticeable features might be mentioned its peculiar and highly-favored geographical position; its extremes of altitude, ranging from 360 feet below the level of the sea* to mountain peaks rising to nearly 11,000 feet above the ocean — its range of climate representing nearly every zone from the torrid heat of the Sahara† to the almost perpetual winter of the San Jacinto summits and its great variety of soil productions, mineral treasures and scenic wonders.

But to return to the city. We find the metropolis of this vast country reposing serenely by its sunlit bay, embowered in a labyrinth of rose blooms and citrus perfume. So peculiar is its position and surroundings, we are constrained to say that

*Refers to the depression of the Colorado Desert.
†Refers to the heat of the Colorado Desert.

FAN PALMS EAST OF SAN DIEGO.

there is but one San Diego in the world—there can be but one; it is a distinct type by itself and can never be repeated. Some traveler has said: "See Naples and die." San Diego with its grand San Jacinto Mountain and sunlit bay is the Naples of America, and overlooks one of the most beautiful and commodious harbors in the world. It is stated of a certain Indian Chief, traveling in Europe with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, that, on the occasion of his being presented to Queen Victoria, he addressed her Majesty in the Indian tongue, bowing very low. When the Queen inquired what he had said she was informed by the interpreter: "He says to your Majesty, 'I have crossed the great waters, I have seen the mother of the world and my heart is glad.'"

THE RESERVOIR OF SWEETWATER DAM.

The writer has never been introduced to the Queen, neither has he seen the Bay of Naples, but he has seen the City of San Diego with its marvelous scenes of ocean and islands, of mountains and plains, the peninsula enclosing her sunlit bay, and her island-city Coronado, and his heart is glad.

While San Diego in itself is one of the most beautiful cities of its size in the Union, its own charms are greatly enhanced by what may be termed her collateral attractions — scenes within greater or less distance from the city proper, but all within her own radius and encircling her like a succession of gems adorning a queen. It would seem here that Nature has been very prodigal in the contributing of all her elements in forming such glorious panoramic pictures as meet the de-

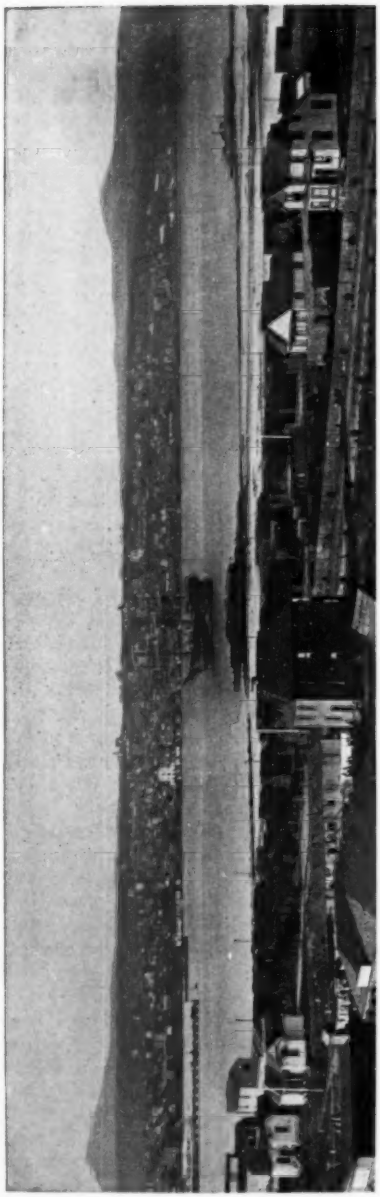
HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

lighted gaze from Coronado Beach, Florence Heights, or any of the numerons elevations about the city.

The city lies upon a rolling mesa or table-land, sloping gently back from the sea, where an elevation of 200 feet is attained at about an average distance of one mile from the bay. Should one take a car on either the electric or cable road and go three miles back, he will be landed at the Pavilion, which is surrounded by a lovely park situated on a divide at an elevation of some 500 feet. From this point he looks down on Mission Valley and San Diego River, where a most enchanting scene is presented to view. His gaze rests upon a landscape of fruit-farms, gardens and beautiful villas, in the midst of which the windings of the river may be traced, having its outlet in plain view at Pacific Beach, at which point we catch a glimpse of the ocean. Looking up the valley is seen the ruins of the old San Diego Mission, established 1769, and to the left, near the foot of the bay, is Old Town, or the original San Diego, whose denizens will show you with pride the marriage place of Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal "Ramona."

But we have now turned our backs upon San Diego City proper and we will return to Florence Heights and take our stand just where the new City Park begins, from which point a more interesting seaward outlook can hardly be found. From the intersection of almost any of the streets may be had a good view of the bay and ocean, and from Florence Heights one sees unrolled before him a panoramic picture of marvelous beauty. Here we look down at the little city at our feet, nestling serenely beside a tranquil bay which shimmers in the sunlight and encircles it as with a silver girdle. On the opposite side lies the infant city Coronado, its wonderful hotel standing jealous guard over the island and peninsula, and to the east near the head of the bay, four miles away, lies National City, which is but the stepchild of San Diego. Situated thus between the mountains and the sea, San Diego has for its background the grand San Jacinto range, uplifting its lofty summits to the regions of almost perpetual winter and gleaming with snow for many months of the year.

Looking westward still and towards the ocean, we see on the right and on



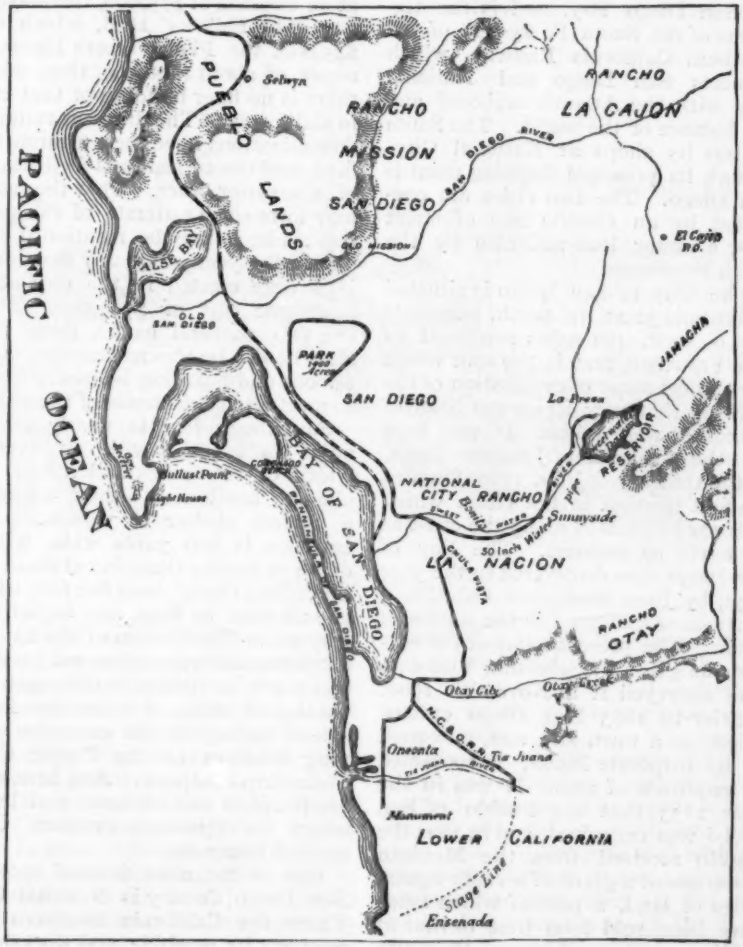
SAN DIEGO AND BAY FROM CORONADO.

the left two peninsulas extending out from the mainland—two mighty giant arms of the mountains reaching far out to sea, which by a great curve enclose a sheltered harbor within an outer bay. The storm-tossed mariner, in the event of a long voyage on tempestuous seas, may, even though the night be dark and threatening, behold the beacon-light of the light-house which rests its foot on Point Loma over 400 feet above the ocean, uplifting its torch in the darkness, and inviting and lighting the way to a peaceful haven.

As we look out again through this great gap, and survey the boundless expanse of the Pacific, we discern the dark outlines of a chain of islands, some twenty-five miles from the coast, and recognize the island of San Clemente, and also that of the celebrated Santa Catalina, one of the most favorite resorts of all California, with its wonderful Black Jack Mountain, 2,000 feet high.

But the picture is incomplete until we have traced the lines of the wonderful Coronado Peninsula, a narrow neck of land extending out from the mainland on the east, and from within the outer bay I have described. It is a rocky ridge which, seen from a distance, changes its color and aspect, according to lights and shades and the hour of the day. In the morning it appears as a strip of sand, white as the driven snow, glittering in the sunlight like a silver thread, and changing again in the afternoon to a dark green, or emerald hue. This peninsula is about twelve miles in length, and approaches within 600 yards of Point Loma, thus forming a channel, through which is the entrance to the bay of San Diego. At this point the peninsula suddenly expands, forming what appears to be almost an island, and which has a superficial area of two square miles. Here is situated the little city of Coronado, with a population of several hundred souls, and its wonderful Hotel Del Coronado, the largest and handsomest

in the world, costing over a million dollars and the only one of its kind kept open to tourists all the year round. Coronado lies just opposite to San Diego, across the bay. It is one mile distant and is reached in fifteen minutes by a steam ferry for a five cent fare, and five cents more on the motor line which connects the city and hotel with the ferry. Coronado City and hotel are also connected with San Diego and the outer world by a motor line railway, which encircles the bay and traverses the peninsula, and is barely wide enough in places for the railway track to rest upon it. Tourists who make the excursion over this route find it a delightful trip. The train hugs the bay closely, passing through National City four miles down the shore, and on round the head of the bay, until it leaves the



MAP OF SAN DIEGO AND VICINITY.

mainland and enters upon the peninsula in full view of the ocean; then it runs along the beach a number of miles, and so near the water's edge that the waves almost dash upon the track. The distance by this route is twenty-five miles, and one hour is consumed in making the trip. The fare is sixty cents.

National City is a place of considerable importance and contains several thousand inhabitants. It is situated on San Diego Bay, and is the terminus of the Santa Fe system of the Southern California Railway, which connects San Diego and National City with the Atlantic seaboard and the balance of the world. The Santa Fe has its shops at National City, though its principal shipping point is San Diego. The two cities are connected by an electric line of street cars, a motor line and also by the Santa Fe system.

The City of San Diego is situated in latitude 32 42′ 37″ north, longitude 117 9′ west, 480 miles southeast of San Francisco, and is the spot where the earliest steps of civilization of the territory that now forms the State of California were taken. It was here that the good Friar, Junipero Serra, on the 16th day of July, 1769, founded the first mission in the chain which afterward extended along the coast as far north as Sonoma. The Bay of San Diego was discovered in the year 1542, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain. The present name of the harbor was given by Sebastian Vizcaino, who surveyed it in November 1602.

Prior to 1885 San Diego existed chiefly as a town site, and, measured by its corporate limits, it contained an amplitude of area. It was in the year 1833 that the Pueblo of San Diego was organized, and in 1844 the Pueblo received from the Mexican Government a grant of seventy square miles of land, a part of which lands have been sold from time to time at public auction whenever the city needed funds. It was in this way that Mr. A. E. Horton secured 900 acres in the heart of the present city. He bid twenty-seven cents per acre and got the land. The city still owns in one tract 1,400 acres, reserved in perpetuity for a public park. It owns, besides, other lands sufficient to constitute a princely domain, making it an unusually wealthy and solvent city. Her public buildings are stately and costly, and among them may be mentioned the county courthouse, erected at an expense of $75,000, the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Hall, which cost $45,000, the Fisher Opera House, at a cost of about $100,000, than which there is no finer building of that class in California. The different religious denominations have their church edifices, and the educational facilities are of a superior order. That the reader may form some estimate of the progress made, it may be mentioned that during the year 1885, 219 new buildings were erected in the city at an aggregate cost of $769,000. There are two national banks, three first-class hotels, besides restaurants, coffee saloons and boarding houses sufficient to meet all the demands of the public.

San Diego Bay is nearly twenty miles in length, with an average width of two miles and a half and almost landlocked, thus affording a perfect shelter to vessels. The entrance is 600 yards wide, with a depth of twenty-three feet at mean low tide, with a rise of about five feet, which is sufficient to float any vessel that may call. The bottom of the bay, its entrances and approaches are good, as there are no rocks to endanger the passage of ships. On the San Diego side of the bay are the extensive shipping wharves of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. And here, also, are the piers and immense coal bunkers of the Spreckels Brothers' Commercial Company.

One of the most favored spots in San Diego County is National City. There the California Southern railroad has its machine and workshops, and in the neighborhood are hand-

some country residences and fruitful gardens and orchards. Among the most important are those of the Kimballs, the Steeles and many others. Mr. Warren C. Kimball has devoted his attention to the development of extensive orchards, while the culture of the olive has been the study of Mr. Frank Kimball, who is a leader in this branch of horticulture. Mr. H. M. Higgins' lemon orchard is one of the largest in the State.

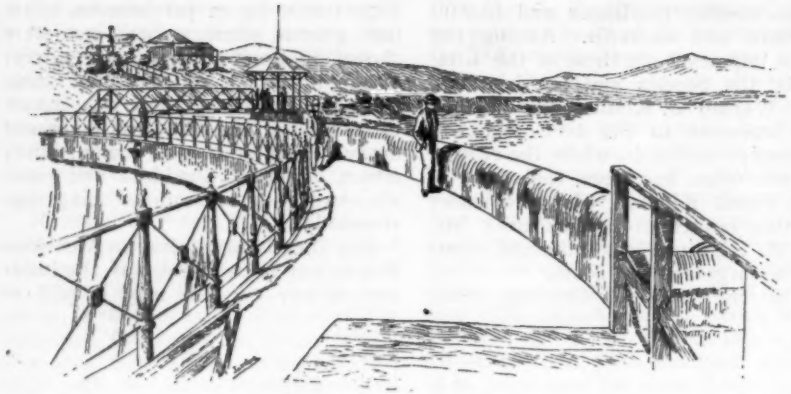
On the 29th of October, 1885, the first County Fair was opened in San Diego, the exhibitors numbering 535. The display of fruits was extraordinary. Mr. Douglas Gunn thus writes on this first effort on the part of San Diego to present her capabilities of production:

"There were shown, of deciduous fruits, forty-nine exhibits of apples from as many different sections of the country, each showing from two to twenty-five varieties of the fruit; thirty-two sections exhibited pears in great variety, and there were peaches and quinces from nearly every section. Figs, dates, Japan persimmons, bananas, guavas, pomegranates, etc., were shown in great quantity and variety. While it was not the season for citrus fruits the display of these was, nevertheless, large and fine, and embraced every variety of orange, lemon, lime, citron, bergamot, shaddock and pumalo—twenty-seven sections being represented."

San Diego is as typical an American city as any to be found. If the influence of any one city may be said to prevail, it is that of Boston, and there is a reason for it: the Santa Fé railroad has its terminus at this harbor, and is an institution maintained by Boston men.

STEAMSHIP LOADING UP.

This city of the South numbers among its inhabitants several distinguished authors. The public schools are ably directed by an efficient principal, and will compare well with the best in the United States, and afford better advantages than are found in many of the older cities of the East, some of the public-school buildings having cost as high as $28,000 each.



THE CREST OF SWEETWATER DAM.

San Diego's population is about 18,000. Its streets are beautifully laid out, and named by the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, etc., in one direction, and by the ordinals, First, Second, Third, etc., in the other. It has three miles of asphaltum streets and one mile and a half of porphyry macadam, kept clean and in excellent repair. Its public buildings and business blocks are fine, while horse, cable and electric railways and two motor lines supply the public with all necessary means of transportation. The cable line is about four miles in length, extending beyond the City Park, which contains 1,400 acres. The system of water works is excellent, and the city is supplied with an abundance of pure, fresh water brought from the Cuyamaca Mountains. The flume which conducts this water of the mountains is a fine specimen of engineering skill, and an honor to the Flume Company that constructed it at a cost of over $1,000,000. In fact, there seems to be nothing lacking to make San Diego one of the most healthful and beautiful cities in the world.

The great natural factors that give to San Diego and Southern California the most equable climate in the world are noticeable in its topography as well as its geographical position. These topographical conditions were clearly illustrated to the writer on the occasion of his voyage down the coast last March, when all was new and strange to him. The change of climate was noticeable as we rounded Point Conception, and, steaming past the lighthouse, entered the Santa Barbara channel almost within a ship's length. We had run out of the cold wind and fog that had prevailed for 300 miles down the coast, and entered into sunshine. As we sailed on, hour after hour, over a calm sea, under an azure sky wafted by summer breezes, I realized the fact that I had indeed entered an Italian climate. The magical transformation that then seemed so strange to me is now, after months of climatic investigation, no longer a mystery, but a consequence of natural laws.

At Point Conception the Pacific Coast leaves the southeasterly direction which it pursues all the way from Alaska, and turns off almost due east. The Kuru Siwo current that flows south along the coast is now thrust out to sea by the prominence of the cape. A chain of islands assists in excluding the Alaskan current from the shore, beginning with San Miguel and extending as far south as San Diego. This chain of islands, the summits of a submerged mountain range, encloses a sheltered channel

into which flows from the south a current of warmer water.

Other physical features, moreover, combine to temper the climate of Southern California. The land which in Northern California faces off westward to the sea, here faces southward to the sun. The mountains on the north and on the east walling in the country from the chilly north give it a southwestern exposure to the ocean which, together with the action of the mild breezes blowing from the channel, modifies the climate, producing a warm, even temperature the year round.

"The arable lands of San Diego County are as rich and productive as those at the mouth of the Danube, or upon the lower Nile, and lie at a comparatively uniform elevation above sea level, the slopes from the mountains being very gentle, with few high ranges of intermediate hills to cut off the view. These lands are scattered over all elevations, and lie at various distances from the coast in tracts of from a few hundred to 40,000 acres, ranging from sea level to 6,000 feet above it."

The best known valley is El Cajon, some twelve miles from San Diego City. This valley contains 20,000 acres of choice land. The raisins produced in it have won a national reputation for their excellence, and the supply at present is not equal to the demand of the cities of Boston and New York alone.

One of the finest tracts of arable land under irrigation is the Chula Vista Tract, owned by the San Diego Land and Town Co. It is subdivided into small acreage. With its magnificent ocean view, rich soil, and charming climate, a home of unrivaled beauty can here be made in a very little while.

The Santa Maria, Poway, Spring, Sweetwater, Jamul, Tia Juana, Otay and Mission are the best known of the smaller valleys in the southern portion of the county. The Sweetwater and Spring valleys grow oranges and lemons of superior quality, the profits often reaching $1,000 per acre.

The Julian, or mountain district, lying well up in the mountains is well timbered and watered, and produces superior cherries, apples and other deciduous fruits.

PACIFIC COAST S. S. CO.'S WHARF.

The mesa lands on the coast, from Del Mar to Oceanside, are rich and productive, and are well adapted to vine growing and deciduous fruits.

The valley of the San Luis Rey, which finds its outlet to the sea at Oceanside, is one of the richest in the country, producing citrus fruits of high grade, and varieties of deciduous fruits in abundance.

The upper Temecula Valley, in the region of Linda Rosa, Murrietta and

Elsinore, contains a large area of excellent land. Fallbrook region is a highly favored section, and is growing rapidly.

The valleys of Escondido and San Marcos are very fertile. The great Valley of San Jacinto exceeds in area all other valleys in the county, containing not less than 100,000 acres, with a large area of moist land, on which alfalfa and deciduous fruits grow to perfection, and has a large tract of citrus land under a fine system of irrigation, with an abundance of water.

The mesa, or table lands are esteemed of great value, and in estimating the area of arable land of this county, both mesa and valley lands are included. The estimates made by the several historians of the county vary considerably, and so the writer has taken the smallest as being nearest correct. It places the area of good land suitable for horticulture at 550,000 acres.

No finer water can be found in any part of the world than is procured from the flowing wells in the great artesian water belt of the San Jacinto Valley, in the northern part of San Diego County. The largest of these wells of which more than a hundred are now in operation, flows, by actual measurement, 1,500,250 gallons of clear, pure, sweet, cool water, every twenty-four hours, through a seven-inch pipe. The depth of these wells is from 50 to 250 feet, more or less, the shallowest yet reported being thirty-three feet, and they are easily bored. There are thousands of acres in this artesian belt. The young or middle-aged man who will take up a small tract of land at San Jacinto now, in three years' time can live under his own vine and fig-tree.

San Diego County, were its resources developed, would constitute in itself an empire which might be independent of the world. It embraces within its area a range of climate and a variety of soil capable of producing to perfection all the cereal, vegetable and arboral crops to be found in cultivation anywhere, except the strictly tropical productions.

Its mountains are covered with pine and other woods of commerce, and beneath the surface lie unknown millions of mineral wealth, including gold, silver, copper, iron and other minerals.

The inevitable destiny of the county is to be, however, a great producer of fruit; the soil, climate and profits favor it. In honey, San Diego is the banner county of the State, producing annually 2,679,747 pounds.

The Colorado Desert, hitherto supposed to be totally bad, has now been proven to be otherwise. The Indians for years have gone down into the desert, and with 6,000,000 acres to select from, have planted corn and melons and raised abundant crops. The white man has now discovered this big Indian farm and large tracts are being taken up under the Desert Act.

When we read of the frequent disasters occurring to the people of the Atlantic States, of the dire destruction wrought by the conflict of the elements, of the death-dealing tempest that walks in the darkness as well as in the light, from whose fury there is neither warning nor escape, we long to tell them of a land of abundant harvest, away to the westward, whose fruitful shores are washed by the beneficent Pacific, where the extremes of seasons, the piercing cold of winter, the oppressive heat of summer, are not felt, but where reigns instead an almost perennial spring, with azure skies and soft breezes laden with the odor of the orange flower and the rose; where the blizzard, the deluge and the cyclone are unknown, and the flowers bloom all the year.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BLAINE.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Blaine began at the opening of the Forty-first Congress on the 4th of March, 1869. I was a member of that Congress and he was Speaker. Though Blaine had acquired a local reputation as a journalist, had served in and presided over the lower branch of the Maine Legislature and had been in the National House of Representatives for three successive terms before he was chosen Speaker, he had not acquired a national reputation. He was very popular with the members with whom he had served, and though Mr. Dawes, who was the oldest member, aspired to the speakership, Mr. Blaine was nominated in the Republican caucus without opposition, for Mr. Dawes having discovered the hopelessness of the contest withdrew from it. I did not arrive in Washington in time to participate in the caucus. General Garfield had written me of Blaine and announced his preference for him for Speaker, and I went to Washington prepossessed in his favor.

That house contained an unusually large number of new members, as the South had just been rehabilitated; in fact Georgia, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia had not been re-admitted, but their members came in later, and before that Congress expired, I believe there was but one representative from all the seceding States who had served before the war, and that one was Maynard of Tennessee. There were, however, many able and experienced members from the non-seceding States. Gen. Schenck of Ohio had served several terms in the forties, had been in the foreign service during the administrations of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, was a Major-General during the war and a member of the Fortieth Congress. He was an able lawyer and among the strongest debaters the country has produced. Mr. Bingham of Ohio had served continuously for ten years, and as a lawyer and orator was among the foremost. General Logan was elected to Congress in 1858 and 1860, was the most famous of our volunteer officers, and in this and the preceding Congress represented the State of Illinois at large. Mr. Dawes had served with distinction from 1856, Mr. Kelly from 1860. Mr. Garfield had won an enviable reputation as a soldier, and in six years' service in the House, General Butler was a man of conceded ability, and had a national reputation. Mr. Judd was appointed Minister to Berlin by Mr. Lincoln. Judge Poland of Vermont had held high judicial position, had served in the Senate and in the preceding House. Mr. Allison, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Peters, and several others had achieved reputations in service in the lower branch of preceding Congresses.

On the Democratic side were Mr. Cox of New York, who had been a member for eight years from the Capital district of Ohio; Fernando Wood who first entered Congress in 1841, and had several times been mayor of New York; Mr. James Brooks, a man widely known as a journalist, and a former member; Mr. Randall who entered Congress in 1862, and was recognized as a man of power; Mr. Beck, who had acquired a high position; Mr. Samuel S. Marshall, who came in before the war and had served several terms, and also in the judiciary of his State; Mr. Varhies, Mr. Eldridge and some others who had gained reputation as members.

Though there was a large percentage of inexperienced members, still it was an able body as a whole. I have omitted to mention General Banks, who had presided over the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature and a constitutional convention of that State, who was elected to Congress in 1852, 1854 and 1856, and presided as Speaker from March 4th, 1855, to March 4th, 1857, had been twice Governor of his State, and a Major-General during the war, and was a member of the preceding House. It was such a body that Mr. Blaine was chosen to preside over, and he was junior in years to all the members named except Garfield.

There were many exciting questions before this Congress. Reconstruction had not been completed and the bitterness displayed in the preceding Congresses had not subsided; on the contrary it was intensified by the presence of a large number of representatives from the South who were recently from the North, and who had settled in that section, and had actively, and to the native Southern whites, offensively engaged in promoting the cause of reconstruction according to the plan prescribed by the preceding Congress. The Fifteenth Amendment was declared adopted by this Congress. The revenue laws were revised, and the money question was considered in various phases. General Logan's bill for the reorganization and reduction of the army was passed, though it encountered no little opposition, and debate on some of the appropriation bills was spirited, as sums were granted to enforce a Southern policy, to which the Democrats were violently opposed. Southern claims began to rise in importance, and bills granting lands to railroads were numerous. These and the ordinary measures required the utmost attention of the Speaker, and taxed his time and energies immensely. It was a trying place for so young a man as Mr. Blaine, who had entered but three months upon his thirty-ninth year. Congress then assembled on the 4th day of March, and the new one came in on the heels of the old one as it retired by limitation of law.

Shortly after I was sworn in, the Speaker came to my seat, gave me his hand, and conversed for a few moments. This cordiality undoubtedly was caused by the friendly things Garfield had spoken of me to him. I was greatly impressed by his manner and friendly treatment. I was a stranger to the bulk of the members, and had never had legislative experience. I closely watched the proceedings and especially the part taken by the Speaker. He grew upon me wonderfully as a man of power, and of sincerity in his views, and in his professions of friendship. I immediately became his friend, and I felt that he would render me all the aid he properly could in the work so new to me. He early inquired what committee I preferred. I said, "I am a lawyer, and my personal interests suggest the judiciary, but I represent a commercial city, and think I can best promote the interests of my constituents by being placed on commerce." He put me on that committee. He took pains to aid the young members. He was then a man of splendid presence, his figure was plump, his hair and whiskers were thick and dark brown, and his complexion healthful. He was vigorous and sprightly in mind and body. The first session lasted till near the end of April and in it comparatively little was done.

The second or long session began on the first Monday of December and terminated the 15th of July. The long session is the one in which the principal work of a Congress is done, and as it immediately precedes the election for a new house, political parties maneuver so as to make the best impression upon the country. Every measure which could be said to be partizan was fought energetically and persistently by the Democrats. The Tariff Bill reported by the Ways and Means Committee, was debated

nearly six weeks under the five-minute rule, and was defeated in committing the whole, but a new bill was reported and passed. Land-grant bills, currency measures, bills relating to the South, the Army Bill and many of the appropriation bills were hotly contested. It is not expected of a member that he will closely follow all the bills brought before the House, and it seems as much as he can do to keep himself well informed upon measures of special or general interest to his constituents, together with such as are considered in the committees of which he is a member. The Speaker, however, must follow everything, not only the provisions of bills, but the processes through which they are defeated or become laws, maintain order, and as is the custom, must watch the interests of his party to a certain extent, and be ready to rule upon the numerous questions that are constantly presented. Blaine performed all this work well, and his rulings were marvelously well supported by precedents which he seemed to have at his tongue's end. I might as well say in this connection that I do not remember a case during his six years' service as Speaker in which his decision was overruled by the House. On a division he counted with surprising quickness, and in the shortest time he acquired the names of the members and the States they represented. From the start he had the confidence of the House from his thorough acquaintance of the conditions and methods of business and his impartiality. The third session was less exciting than the second, as nothing of consequence was done except the passage of the Appropriation bills, and the act chartering the Texas and Pacific Railway. Mr. Colfax, who was Speaker of three preceding Congresses, had acquired the reputation of being able, and he was popular with all parties. Blaine did not suffer by contrast with him, but during his first term he gained the reputation of being equal or superior to his predecessor. At the close of this Congress he stood before the country as among the foremost of its public characters.

In the House of Representatives of the Forty-first Congress, the Republicans had more than two-thirds of the members. The majority in the Forty-second Congress fell a little below two-thirds. This Congress also convened on the 4th of March. Blaine was re-nominated for Speaker without opposition, and in the House received the full vote of his party. Generals Schenck and Logan and Mr. Allison had not been re-elected, but there came into this House Mr. Shellaberger Lewis, Dr. Campbell, Aaron F. Perry of Ohio, and several other strong new members from other States.

There had grown up in the South an organization called the Ku Klux Klan to which was attributed grievous outrages. Partizan and sectional bitterness had not subsided, and Congress was called upon to legislate touching those Ku Klux outrages. There was an understanding that this should be the principal work of the first session. A caucus of Republicans was called for the evening of the 4th. The attendance was full. Though not customary in Speakers to attend party caucuses, Mr. Blaine was present, nevertheless. There was a strong element in favor of extreme measures, but the conservative members doubted their efficiency. General Butler was the leader of the extremists to which the bulk of the Southern Republican members adhered. General Butler had prepared a bill on the subject which he read to the Congress, and advocated it in a speech. The bill was elaborate, contained many extraordinary provisions, and imposed severe penalties. It gave large power to the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Mr. Blaine indicated his disapproval of the measure, and so did Garfield and others. A vote was taken and it was adopted as a party measure by the majority. Several members (I being one of them) an-

nounced their purpose not to be bound by the caucus action. Governor Blair, who presided, ruled that the action was not binding. The caucus adjourned with some feeling, and it was manifest to some extent towards Mr. Blaine. All desired to suppress Ku Klux outrages, but there were differences as to the means.

The committees, of course, had not been appointed, and hence any member whom the Speaker recognized could bring any matter of business before the House. Next morning, as soon as the journal was read and approved, General Butler obtained the floor and proposed to introduce his bill for present consideration. After it was read the House at once entered upon a wrangling debate which continued nearly through the afternoon. At the instance of the Speaker, Peters of Maine offered a substitute to the effect that the bill be referred to a select committee to be appointed by the Speaker, which was adopted. Instantly the Speaker announced the committee, with Butler as chairman. General Butler arose in passion to decline, but the Speaker recognized Peters on a motion to adjourn, which was carried, and General Butler was left vociferating and gesticulating to a dispersing audience. A conservative member expressed surprise to the Speaker that he had placed Butler at the head of the committee, but the Speaker said, "He won't serve and it will go to the country that he is chairman, and his declination will render him powerless with his radical followers." Next morning, there was found on the desks of the members a pointed attack upon Blaine over Butler's name, containing some verses after the style of the "Heathen Chinee," charging Blaine with indulging in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

When the House convened Butler was recognized for the purpose of declining the chairmanship and membership of the committee, but he launched out into a virulent attack upon Blaine. When he sat down the Speaker took the floor and made a most scathing reply. It was the first and only time I had an opportunity to witness his power in philippic. Butler's resignation was accepted, and Mr. Shellaberger was substituted. A little later General Butler went to the Speaker and entered into consultation. When asked how he could do that after he had manifested so much feeling toward Blaine, he answered, "The Speaker says I do not know anything about parliamentary law and I must consult someone who does." The bill reported by the committee, after prolonged debate, and being modified materially, was passed. The tactics of Blaine may have prevented the enactment of a measure of an extreme and indefensible character. This Congress was managed on both sides with a view to an effect upon the ensuing Presidential election. Blaine was especially useful in shaping legislation with reference to that end.

He had grown wonderfully in political knowledge and prominence. He was a close student of domestic and foreign politics. I know that he gave some consideration to the proposition to run on the ticket with Grant for Vice President. If the rule of the early days had prevailed, that election to the second place was a designation to the succession, he probably would have formed the proposition, but as an election to the Vice Presidency is a shelving process, he thought himself too young to retire from public life. He was anxious for a favorable settlement of the controversy with Great Britain over the claims arising from the depredations of the Confederate cruisers. He said to President Grant on this question, "You or Gladstone will go out of power," and it so transpired.

More than two-thirds of the members elected to the House of the Forty-third Congress were Republicans. Alexander W. Stevens of Georgia, Lamar of Mississippi, Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, Judge Waite and Lyman Tremaine of New York

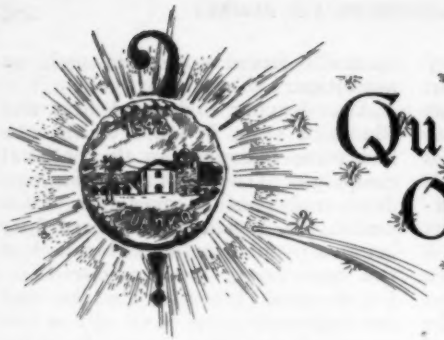
were elected to this Congress. They were all men of talent and distinction. Blaine was re-elected Speaker without opposition in his party. The most exciting question in this Congress was the Civil Rights Bill. When this Congress expired flowers were showered upon the Speaker, and his valedictory address was among the rarest of literary gems. As Speaker he had achieved a position among the highest, and before the country he was one of the most conspicuous of political leaders, but his tremendous work during the six years of his speakership, in my judgment, produced the seeds of disease from which he so long suffered. He worked rapidly and intensely.

Blaine was by nature magnificently endowed, both physically and mentally. He drew around himself an immense number of friends and followers in every part of the nation. As a politician he possessed more skill and adroitness than is usual to men of his frankness and positive characteristics, and in this respect he had no equal in the country unless it was General Logan. His influence over the House was unbounded, and it arose from several causes. First, he was magnetic; second, he was fair and impartial; and third, his familiarity with parliamentary law and accurate knowledge of the cause of legislation gave him the confidence even of his political opponents.

In general intercourse Blaine was companionable and genial, and the charm of the social circle. He was always fresh and sprightly, and possessed a fund of pertinent and aptly illustrative anecdote. He was a fascinating speaker; language flowed easily, and his voice was clear and penetrating. The House was proud of his performances on all extraordinary occasions, and those who knew him felt that he was adapted to ornamenting great places. Whether ambition to become President originated with him need not be discussed, for the partiality of his acquaintances naturally forced upon him such an aspiration.

After leaving Congress I first met Blaine in 1879, in Ohio, whither he had come to engage in the political campaign. I was with him for two days, and presided over one of his meetings. I had never heard him before a popular audience, but he had the same power there as elsewhere. I discovered, however, that he had not that exuberance of vitality as formerly. I saw him almost daily for two months after Garfield was inaugurated President. His position in the Cabinet was not the most fortunate. The men who had twice pushed his candidacy for nomination pressed him to use his influence in their behalf for appointments, and he could not well resist their importunities; on the other hand, he was suspected and watched by those who had opposed him, and especially by the friends of Mr. Conkling. He was grievously affected by the shooting of the President. I met him in July, and the first thing he said, was, "What a dreadful affair this is!". I last met him in February, 1891, at his office in the State department. During the conversation he asked me how he looked. I answered, "Not very well." He quickly responded, "I *am* very well." I said, "But you are thin;" and he answered, "That is my salvation." I learned afterwards that I made a mistake in speaking as I did. He was not the Blaine he formerly was. He had his usual geniality of manner, and conversed freely, but his hair was white, his cheeks had lost their fullness, and his body its rotundity. His mind retained as much sprightliness as could have been expected in a body so enfeebled.

Blaine will ever remain a conspicuous character in our political and diplomatic history. His political opponents and bitterest personal enemies never denied that he was a man of great ability and unquestionable patriotism.



Questions Of the Day

QUADRENNIAL DEPRESSION OF BUSINESS.

IT is unfortunate, but perhaps inevitable that a pending Presidential election, to a greater or less extent, checks enterprise and disturbs business; and this event happens every four years. Our State elections do not obstruct the flow of business to any material extent because in them there are involved no economic, commercial or financial issues.

It is otherwise in national elections, for in these the General Government deals almost exclusively with questions that have a direct influence upon industries and trade. It alone brings out the subject of import duties, because it alone can legislate and administer laws so as to change values and enhance or embarrass production and commerce. This is particularly true as regards imported articles, which we do not produce, and affects trade in our domestic products by raising the question of increased foreign competition. Commerce is sensitive, not only to proposed changes in the revenue laws, but also to any shadow of doubt cast over the permanency of existing laws. During the campaign, doubt as to what will be the outcome makes people hesitate as to embarking in new enterprises or enlarging existing schemes. Confidence is at the bottom of energy and enterprise, and confidence cannot exist so long as there is doubt as to what commercial conditions will be.

If the question is in danger of being raised whether duties shall be lowered, until that danger is past, manufacturers will produce conservatively, and the merchant will reduce his stock, in order that his loss contingent upon increased foreign competition, may be as light as possible. Except where conditions are extraordinary, the proposition is never that duties shall be raised, and the question ordinarily is whether or not they shall be reduced, and reduction inevitably entails a loss to somebody.

Changes in our economic laws have usually been made suddenly, and possibly, rather from a desire to give effect to theories and maxims than to respect property interests. Laws which affect values should not become operative until there has been time for those whose interests may suffer thereby to adapt themselves to the new condition. Theories cannot always be relied upon, and experiment is conclusive proof of the wisdom of measures. No political party should disturb economic laws until experience demonstrates that they should be repealed or modified.

Were these conservative principles generally recognized in our politics, one-half of the depression which a Presidential campaign causes would be avoided.

OUR VALHALLA.

Recurring to the long period of newspaper discussion regarding the tomb of General Grant—its unfitness of location and the possibility of an ultimate removal of the remains—there are certainly existing reasons why the Mount Vernon estate, or what is left of it, should be converted into a site for the American Valhalla.

Before the end of another century some of the now neglected tombs of our Presidents will be reduced to crumbling ruins; the remains of others of the nation's leaders will have been removed from their original sepulchres, and only those interred within the last decade can be said to have found permanent resting-places, or those worthy

the heroes and sages whose fame is the people's most precious inheritance.

The graves of Jefferson and his wife Martha are in the woods; that of the latter "torn from him by death September 5, 1782," contains this assurance by his own hand, "that though spirits in a future state be oblivious of the past, he will even then remember his loved companion"—a quotation from the speech of Achilles over the dead body of Hector. President Madison died and was buried at Oak Hill cemetery, London County, Virginia, and is said to be without a monument. John Adams, one of eight sons, died at Quincy, Mass., Oct. 9, 1758. From the long inscription which marks his sepulchre we learn that Abigail was his first and only wife. All that was mortal in John Quincy Adams lies under the altar of the First Congregational Church in Quincy, where also was laid the body of Louisa Catherine, his wife. At the Hermitage, in Tennessee, is the tomb of President Jackson, with a simple inscription, bearing only his name and date of birth and death, and one more elaborate for the cherished wife whose grave is near. President William Henry Harrison, first buried in the Congressional cemetery in Washington, in April 1841, now lies in North Bend in the vault containing also the remains of his wife. President Tyler in his last will and testament directed that his grave should be made in Sherwood Forest; but it is near that of President Monroe, in Richmond, Virginia. The body of the latter was first interred in the city of New York, and removed to Virginia in 1858. President Polk's grave was made near his old mansion at Nashville, Tennessee. Gen. Taylor had two burials; the first in Washington, the last in Louisville. The touching inscription is his best biography. "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am ready to die. My only regret is for the friends I leave behind me."

The mausoleums of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield are noble tributes of local and national reverence and love; but they would lose nothing of these if they were removed, and placed near the humble tomb, the Mecca of every true American, at Mount Vernon. If this is impossible in our day, at least let the first and the last of the great generals sleep near each other, with their faithful wives, in the spot most cherished by the nation.

PENSIONING TEACHERS.

Some months ago the CALIFORNIAN published an article by Mrs. Loud, a teacher of the public schools of San Francisco, discussing the question, "Should Teachers be Pensioned?" After the article had appeared a circular letter was addressed to nearly all the teachers in the State, requesting an opinion on the question. A large number of replies were received, too large a number to be published, but the consensus of opinion may be given, which was that nine-tenths of the teachers of California believe that they should receive pensions. The reasons for this are, generally speaking, that the work of the teacher is different in its nature from that of any position under the State, that the strain is so great that few teachers attain great age with well preserved mental and physical faculties, and that as the salary is not sufficient to enable them to save up enough to support them in old age the State should ensure them relief. It cannot be denied that the position of the teacher and the responsibilities attending the work are far greater than those of the mail-carrier, policeman or many other State or municipal employees. The teacher of the public school is the trainer of the future citizen and voter, and upon him or her devolves a serious obligation. Conceding this, few taxpayers would object to providing for the future teachers, and when a bill is presented it will undoubtedly have a fair chance of passage. The few teachers who objected to the pension took the high ground as taxpayers that the State should not be inflicted with greater burdens, and that the act would be virtually a charity. One superintendent of schools, on the other hand, made a most vigorous defense of the pension plan. He gave as reasons that the work of the teacher was so arduous that he was invariably broken down early, and that all teachers should be restored before they become useless. He had served through the war, but the ten years of teaching in the public schools had worn on him more than the entire war service, and he believed if a pension is given in one instance it should be in the other.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."—*Wordsworth.*

AS a nation, we are much more appreciative of our leading philosophers and writers than as a state, a city or a community. When we are living in close proximity to one of these great men, we seldom fully appreciate his talents, or the privilege of coming in contact with him, while we would consider a few moments spent in the presence of one who was, perhaps, no greater and enjoyed no more extensive reputation then our native writer, but who resided in some distant community, as an event of peculiar interest. Thus, it often happens that while one's work may have begun to acquire a national reputation, it is scarcely known in the vicinity of the author's home. He receives little encouragement from those who should give it, while he is working to acquire his reputation, and it is only after the seed has been planted and tended, and has grown to a tree, and yielded its most perfect fruit that he is acknowledged, and even then he arouses greater enthusiasm abroad than in the immediate vicinity of his home. But unless the physical vehicle be unequal to the preservation, it is difficult, even under the most discouraging circumstances, to destroy the germ of genius, which Joaquin Miller defines as "common sense."

Genius is not that common sense which is so conducing to the destruction of beauty and all the finer and higher qualifications of the mind and soul, and which has no ambition above securing the necessities of animal life or commercial prosperity, but it is the perfect equipoise and highest use of every faculty and member with which man is endowed. California has seen a high development of this "common sense" in some of her children, as the literary productions of such writers as Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Bret Harte, John Muir, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward Rowland Sill, and many others will sufficiently testify.

The writers of this State are on every round of the ladder of fame from the lowest to the highest. Some of them have recently issued several very attractive little volumes of poems. Among these are *Songs from the Nahant*,[1] dedicated to her children, by Annie E. Johnson, whose sweetness partakes somewhat of a hymnal character.

Gleams and Echoes and *Night Etchings*,[2] by A. R. G., are two very attractively bound volumes, and the former is well illustrated. Night Etchings is appropriately named, for it contains those poems which are the offsprings of the solemn and sometimes uncanny fancies of the dark hours.

The libretto of an original comic opera in three acts has been written by Peter Robertson, and is to be set to music by H. J. Stewart. *His Majesty* displays considerable talent and wit on the part of the author, and some of the songs are full of pathos and poetry.

Cheap editions of the English classics have recently been issued for the benefit of students and scholars. The lyrical drama of *Promethus Unbound*,[3] by Percy Bysshe Shelley, is made into a small volume with a delicate cloth binding and gold lettering, and contains, beside the preface of the author, and that of the editor, Vida D. Scudder, M. A., an introduction which treats of the life and character of Shelley and contemporaneous literature of his time. More ordinary in binding, but more reasonable in price are the *English Classics for Schools*, edited by the American Book Co. Among them are Shakespeare's dramas, Scott's novels, the "Sir Roger De Coverly Papers from the Spectator," by Addison Steele, and Budgell, "Ten Selections from the Sketch Book," by Washington Irving, and many others. They all contain explanatory introductions, and glossaries where they are necessary. These inexpensive editions place the classics and masterpieces of poetry, drama and

[1] G. H. & W. A. Nichols, Lynn, Mass.
[2] J. B. Lippincott Co.
[3] J. B. Lippincott Co.

prose within the reach of almost any one, and are of particular benefit to young scholars.

A clever biographical sketch of "Mark Twain"[1] has been written by Will M. Clemens, a relative living in San Francisco, in which the humorist's life and work are described, his traits and characteristics interestingly discussed, and at the close of the volume, extracts from some of his writings are quoted. It is interesting to know that most of his characters are taken from life, and that "Injin Joe," one of the principal characters in "Tom Sawyer," still lives at Hannibal, Mo., and is one of the noted individuals of the town. This will certainly be a desirable addition to the library of all lovers of this author, who is not only a humorist, but is by nature a serious, thoughtful man, and at times deeply in earnest, though he seldom ventures to deal with the pathetic in his writings. He gives us s me of the most interesting descriptions of travel, and, under the guise of wit, some really good philosophy.

Elizabeth G. Birkmaier, a Californian, has woven the old, half-historical, half-mythological tale of Atlantis into a romance which transpired thousands of years before the Christian era. *Poseidon's Paradise*[2] contains many instructive ideas concerning the customs and the topography of the island and its environments, and a detailed description of a city called Cleit, in the Southeastern part of the island in ancient times. In Plato's "Timaeus" it is related that a great empire held sway over the island of Atlantis and several others, as well as over parts of the continent. Parts of Libya within the columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrshenia, were subjected. The sea kings of Atlantis were finally overthrown by the Athenians and their allies. Then the island became desperately wicked and was swept away by a deluge. On the old Venetian maps, Atlantis is located to the west of the Azores and Canaries.

It is difficult for an author to ascertain to what extent he may rely upon ancient historical facts used as the foundation of his romance, for as Emerson truly says, "Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts."

Amelie Rives' sequel to the "Quick or the Dead," *Barbara Dering*,[3] displays maturer thought than its predecessor, and a greater development in the character of the woman who forms the central figure of the romance. In the sequel, Barbara, while retaining all of her exuberance and richness of nature, has learned through suffering a greater mastery of self than she had ever known before. Like most of Amelie Rives' books, it is a good study of human nature, for she does not skim lightly over the surfaces of her characters, but sounds their depths, displaying them to her readers and depicting them fearlessly in all their phases. Her descriptions are unique, but good, and display a great deal of her own interesting personality. The termination, however, leaves the deep and thoughtful student of human nature in rather an unsatisfactory state of mind. From the beginning of the story there is apparent a certain lack of compatibility between the natures of Dering and Barbara which is never overcome, but simply bridged at intervals by a spasmodic recurrence of the affection which first drew them to each other, and at the close of the volume, when the husband returns to his wife unexpectedly, and they have temporarily forgotten their troubles in the pleasure of being reunited, the reader cannot restrain a feeling of pity and sympathy for the young couple, whom he is almost certain will continue their unsatisfactory and wearing experiences until they either become indifferent to one another, or are separated by death. Constant wear may blunt harsh edges in friction, but until they are so worn that they cease to be in touch with each other, the friction continues.

The Modern Pariah,[4] a story of the South, is one of the most fascinating books of the year, a book in which an interesting subject is treated by a writer of unusual ability. The story dates back to the late war, when an officer of the Union army, supposed to be wounded to the death, was nursed to life by a beautiful octoroon slave woman. Dying, she left an infant to the invalid officer, under a pledge that he would adopt it as his own. He did so, and when the girl arrived at womanhood a series of complications arose, the true father having left all his Southern estate to her. The officer, desiring to conceal her origin, endeavored to ignore all claims to the estate, but finally the secret was exposed. It was afterwards ascertained that the mother of the heroine was not an octoroon, and had not a drop of African blood in her veins, and disclosed

[1] Clemens Publishing Company, San Francisco.

[2] Clemens Publishing Company, San Francisco.

[3] J. B Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

[4] Francis Fontaine, Atlanta, Ga.

how she, a French woman, became a slave. Francis Fontaine, the author, is a Southern gentleman, and was a confederate soldier, and knows thoroughly the people of whom he writes, while his pictures of Southern life are true to nature. It is valuable not only for its interest as a story, but also for its clear and impartial presentation of the vexed question of the day in the South.

Among the books of the month are *Along the Florida Reef*[1] and *Life and Work of Louis Agassiz*[2] by Charles Frederick Holder, L.L. D. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that Mr. Holder should have two books in the field so closely related. *Along the Florida Reef* is the story of his boyhood on the Florida Reef with a party collecting and studying, partly in the interests of Prof. Agassiz, while the other is a life of Agassiz—the author's estimate of the work of the great scientist. The former is that rarity among juveniles, a true story of adventure, replete with incident and filled with instructive facts that should be welcome to older readers as well as young.

Well known and admired by American readers is F. Marion Crawford, whose wonderful and popular novel, "Mr. Isaacs," displayed a careful study of the Eastern character, and a certain knowledge of the theories of the occult sciences. He has recently published a novel, *Don Orsino*,[3] which contains a good description and philosophical study of the social, political and commercial conditions of Rome. The characters and plot of the story are well defined and natural, complying with that greatest requisite of the novelist, the art of producing interesting and dramatic effects through perfectly natural channels. He describes the representative characters of the different parties—the clerical, monarchical and Republican. His hero is the representative young man of the transition period, of aristocratic origin, but full of the vitality, energy and ambition of youth, which finds its outlet in commercial engagements and activity. Maria Consuelo, a woman of Spanish origin, becomes his great friend, encouraging and advising him in all his proceedings, and finally sacrifices her very life to save him from ruin. This woman displays that wonderful bravery of character and unselfishness of which few are fortunate enough to know, and which is usually so little understood by the masculine nature.

[1] D. Appleton & Co., New York.
[2] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
[3] Macmillan & Co , New York and London.

Southern California, a valuable publication, has been issued by the Southern California Bureau of Information, which points out and depicts many of the beautiful and attractive resorts of the South, and which gives a careful review of the agricultural, horticultural, commercial, mining, financial and manufacturing interests of the Southern part of the State.

A valuable and much revered publication is that last volume of verse *At Sundown*,[4] from the hand of Whittier. It contains about twenty poems, most of them written for special occasions. A number are addressed to such familiar figures as Dr. Holmes (on his eightieth birthday), and James Russell Lowell. The "Vow of Washington," read at the Centennial of the first President's inauguration is included. "The Captain's Well" is another poem that this volume contains, and which originally appeared in the Ledger. It is a ballad based on the story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley on the coast of Arabia. The captain's well was dug in New England in fulfillment of a vow made in the Desert of Arabia.

So many great scientists and writers lose the purity and faith of their early religious training, during their researches into the sciences and mysteries of life, that it is interesting to know that Lord Tennyson, through his entire lifetime, preserved the intrinsic spirituality of his religious beliefs. In a letter to Mrs. Butler, he expresses a profound belief that Jesus has died and risen again, and that he has overcome separation, and binds all in one, and that all shall be gathered up in Him. He also says that every human tie, strong enough to live through mortal accidents, shall be eternally preserved. This idea is beautifully and somewhat mystically expressed in the 95th section of "In Memoriam."

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.

"And mine in this was wound and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

"Æolian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancel'd, stricken thro' with doubt

"Vague words! but ah! how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech
Or ev'n for intellect to each
Thro' memory that which I became."

G. L. B.

[4] Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

EARLY MORNING AT MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

PAINTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN BY H. J. BREUER.